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## Selections.

### *THE BIBLE ARGUMENT AGAINST SLAVERY.*

From Dr. Cheever's New Work.*

VARIETIES OF THE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST SLAVERY—HISTORIC, LEGAL AND SOCIAL COMBINATIONS OF THE ARGUMENT.

THE argument against slavery, both from the Old and New Testament, is various and ample, amounting to a demonstration of God's abhorrence of that sin, as palpable and cogent as the demonstration against idolatry itself. We have, first, the historic record of a state of society appointed of God, in which there is no trace of slavery to be found; the first and only indisputable case of it, or of men's availing themselves of its existence, being marked as a case of man-stealing, aggravated and monstrous.

Second, we have the record of God's reprobation of such an approximation to slavery as was witnessed in the oppression of the Hebrews by the Egyptians, and of God's vengeance against their oppressors for such a crime.

This is accompanied and followed, thirdly, by a perpetual injunction against ever imposing on any other race any similar bondage; and we have a series of divine precepts for the humane and generous treatment of the stranger, the outcast, the unprotected and oppressed, and repeated warnings from God never to treat any human beings, but especially the weak and friendless, with unkindness; *à fortiori*, the culmination of cruelty and oppression in the system of chattel slavery much more intensely reprobated and forbidden of God.

Fourth, we have a series of explicit divine statutes, appointing the system of domestic service, marking its bounds, guarding against the possibility of its passing into oppression or slavery, protecting the rights of the servants as carefully as those of the master, forbidding servants to be sold as slaves, and rendering the establishment of slavery impossible.

Fifth, we have separate, fundamental, unlimited statutes, condemning with the penalty of death that crime which is the origin and essence of slavery, *man stealing, holding* and *selling*, and forbidding any restoration to his master of any servant a fugitive from his master. The conclusion from these statutes is unavoidable, that the claim of property in man is not only without foundation in justice, but is a crime equivalent in guilt to that of murder.

Sixth, we have historical and legal decisions and precedents, growing out of these statutes, and settling their interpretation.

Seventh, we have great and solemn recorded cases of the divine wrath in consequence of the violation of these statutes, and the divine judgment against the transgressors.

Eighth, we have the curse of God attached to unjust law, and men forbidden to obey it.

Ninth, we have the commentaries of the prophets upon the laws, in a body of denunciations against oppression and slavery, and injunctions of freedom, and demands of justice and benevolence towards the oppressed, the like of which are not to be found the world over, nor ever existed in the jurisprudence or literature of any nation; and which, if slavery had been sanctioned in the law of God, would stand forth in glaring contradiction and condemnation of that law.

Tenth, we have in other forms the principles of the morality of love, of which that law is the exponent, and on which it is grounded, and descriptions of the actual life of social freedom, benevolence and prosperity which it produces, in such histories as those of the books of Ruth and Job.

Eleventh, we have terrible and oft-repeated curses pronounced against both the act and the system of taking men's labor without giving them wages; curses without any restriction, and belonging logically, morally and expressly to any system of which this wickedness is a fundamental element, as of slavery it is.

Twelfth, we have God's requisitions upon men to protect, defend and restore such as were defrauded of their freedom and their rights, and his demand, as in Isaiah, that every yoke be broken, and the oppressed set free; and to this may be added the forms of prayer for deliverance from the oppression of man, that so we may keep God's statutes, and the forms of promise, that in the coming of God's kingdom, he will save the children of the needy and break to pieces the oppressor; a thing which he could not do if at the same time the severest possible oppression had been sanctioned by his law.

In all these ways, the consummation of proof, as well as its variety, is perfect. Nor is the interpretation of particular statutes left to opinion or to reasoning merely, but God takes the broken statute, for example, and shows its meaning, if there could be any doubt in regard to it, by pronouncing sentence, and executing the penalty. How dare any man assert that God ever sanctioned slavery in his statutes, when the historical record stands undisputed and indisputable, of his public indictment and punishment of the whole nation for the introduction and attempted establishment of slavery, *contrary* to his statutes? God himself, a thousand years after the framing of the statutes, calls the people into court, states again the substance and meaning of the statutes, reads the indictment for their transgression of them, and promulgates and inflicts the sentence; and the one crime is that of slavery. The comparison of the thirty-fourth chapter of Jeremiah with the twenty-second of Ezekiel, and the examination of concurrent and immediately succeeding circumstances and events prove this, and fasten the application with an awful emphasis and solemnity.

"I made a covenant of freedom with your fathers, freedom not for yourselves merely, but for your servants, to all time, that ye should proclaim liberty for them and not slavery; but ye have rebelled against my statutes, and brought your servants into subjection, at your pleasure, and not theirs. Ye have not proclaimed liberty, every man to his neighbor and his brother, therefore I proclaim liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence and the famine, and ye shall be removed into all nations of the earth." That was the sentence, and immediately it was executed, almost as swiftly as the bolt follows the lightning. This is one example of God's own interpretation of his own laws. And so we are confronted from generation to generation in God's word, with furrows of light, mountain ranges of light, precedents like volcanoes, where the flame and the red-hot lava forbid all possibility of mistake.

Thus the history grows out of the laws, and is a commentary upon them; and every lawyer, and every historic scholar, knows the value of such testimony. If any old English statute of Edward the Fourth's reign, for example, were in doubt, and a case can be found two or three hundred years afterwards, clearly attested, in which the statute in doubt was applied, and judgment issued, and sentence executed for its violation, that would settle the matter; that is the very perfection of interpretation. And thus, in regard to God's own law, God's *judgments* are said by him to be as the light that goeth forth. And such is the interpretation of the Mosaic statutes by the sacred history.

And negatively there is the same light as positively. For example, in the statutes we have *man-selling* forbidden as well as man-stealing; consequently, in the history there are no instances ever of any sale of human beings, any traffic in slaves. In the statutes again we have a law forbidding the restoring of fugitive servants to their masters; consequently, in the history we have servants running away, but never any cases of their restoration, nor any signs of marshals or judges of probate appointed for slave commissioners, nor any indications of the institution of bloodhounds, to hunt for fugitives, nor courthouses with chains for their trial, nor jails to imprison them, nor arrangements for having them sold to pay their jail fees. All the conditions and junctures of society that would inevitably have grown out of the existence and influence of slavery, had it been sanctioned by law, are wanting; the inevitable consequences of slave legislation, proving its reality and its character, are not to be found. On the contrary, all the fixtures of society are found, and all the events happen, that would naturally grow out of a state of freedom, the result of a system of laws intended for the perpetual establishment of freedom, and the prevention, suppression and extinction of slavery.

Thirteenth. Coming down to the New Testament, we find, first of all, the illustration of this correspondence between institutions, and the laws that have produced them, in the absence of slavery from the land and nation governed by the legislation of the Old Testament. We find that in Judea there was no such thing as slavery in the social life and customs of the Hebrews. This iniquity does not appear, as inevitably it must have done had it been a fixture in the divine laws for the Jewish people. Had it been a domestic institution ordained of God, the whole land would have been, in the progress of so many ages, overrun with slaves; the whole nation would have been crowded with them. They would have constituted the great article of wealth and luxury. There would have been slave markets in every city; and in Jerusalem, in the very temple, not only those that sold doves, but those that sold slaves would have had their places for such merchandise—their stalls for traffic in human flesh.

For either it is the worst of all theft or the most sacred of all property. But there is not the remotest indication of slavery, or involuntary servitude, or the selling and buying of men as property. On the contrary, every presentation of manners, every picture of society, and the very parables of the Lord Jesus, show the customs of free voluntary service; as, for example, the parable of the householder and his hired laborers in the twentieth of Matthew. Five several times the householder goes forth to look up and hire his laborers, on a free mutual contract for wages, and there is no intimation that there is such an accursed thing as slavery, instead of free labor, in existence. So in the parable of the prodigal son, "How many hired servants of my father's," etc "Make me as one of the hired servants." And so in the very next chapter, Luke xvi. 13, "No servant can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other."

Fourteenth. But, more particularly and expressly, we have the law of love repromulgated by our Savior, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," with such commentaries thereon as to fasten its application particularly to the oppressed African race as claiming our compassion. We have the truth of the universal brotherhood of man proclaimed anew, and the oneness of all races in Christ so insisted on, that in their treatment there shall neither be Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.

Fifteenth, we have the distinct averment that if a man be converted to Christ in a state of bondage to an earthly master, and may be made free, he is by all means to choose his freedom; the logical consequence of which, on the other side, is the duty of his master, as a Christian, to set him free.

Sixteenth, we have, in the epistle to the Hebrews, the express injunction to remember them that are in bonds, as bound also with them; intimating an habitual consideration of such bondage as the greatest of calamities and wrongs upon those who endured it, who were to be made unceasingly the subjects of prayer and of sympathy; but if so, the conclusion is absolute of its being a sin against God for any person under the light of his word to hold any fellow-creature in such bondage.

Seventeenth, we have in the epistle to Timothy, a direct reference to the fundamental Hebrew law against men-stealers, as a law of God, in full force under the gospel, with an injunction to apply it with and by the gospel; and assuredly, in such application, whatever law of justice and mercy was given under the old dispensation had an enlarged significance and scope, and a more direct and intense authority, under the new. Nothing in this respect was taken from the new, but much was added.

Eighteenth. Then in the epistle to Philemon, we find the Apostle Paul, with that old fundamental fugitive slave law before him for his guide, acting on its principles; first, giving to Onesimus, a runaway slave, a shelter with him till he became converted, and then, with his own consent—and not till then—sending him back to Philemon, with the distinct averment that he was no longer a servant, but a brother beloved; and to guard against the interpretation of his being merely a Christian brother, but still a slave, it was carefully added that he was a brother, not only in the Lord, but in the flesh, no longer a servant in either way; and the confident belief was added that Philemon, as a Christian, recognizing the same law of duty that Paul recognized, would go even farther than Paul chose to suggest, in the fulfilment of his whole duty towards this liberated brother.

Nineteenth. In several epistles we have the command, "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal"; an injunction proving that no such class of servants was admissible, was to be supposed existing in the household of any Christian master, as were considered property—no class that were not parties to a compact of service for wages received; proving that all servants under the Christian law were servants on wages, consequently not possible to have been slaves, but their masters subject to the rules for the treatment of servants laid down in the holy Scriptures, which forbade any other than free paid service.

Twentieth, we have the institution of Christian Churches, with their equality of membership and citizenship in Christ, without respect to persons, or to class, caste or color; and in the Church we have the whole family relationship renewed, and so sanctified in Christ, together with the reciprocal duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, so distinctly affirmed for all mankind, irrespective of classes, as to render the system of slavery impossible, without defying the authority of God, and violating every one of those sanctities; so that, for the possibility of the preservation of God's ordinances, slavery must be abolished, the condition of slaves, and the system of slave laws and usages, being incompatible with the keeping of the divine commandments, and the prevalence of the system impossible, without the defilement, degradation, and at length abolition, of the most precious gifts of Heaven to man.

Twenty-first. Take, for example, the sacrament of marriage, with its wondrous transfiguration in such holy loveliness and glory, in the epistle to the Ephesians, where the sacredness and closeness of the union between the husband and the wife is likened to the union between Christ and the Church. The passage begins, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord," and it concludes, "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband."* Now let us apply this to slavery, and we see instantly that for the miserable creatures under the crushing despotism of this damning sin, it is impossible; this blessedness was never made for slaves; from the paradise of marriage they are eternally excluded; and slavery does not need a stronger demonstration of its guilt than is presented by this terrific impossibility of the realization of that holiness and happiness appointed of God for the whole race redeemed in Christ Jesus. Husbands, love your wives; wives, be obedient to your husbands; as the Church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. Conceive of this addressed to the millions of American chattels reduced to a state of concubinage for slave-breeding, and instantly one of the divinest chapters in the word of God becomes a hideous and horrible satire.

Twenty second. The same may be said of the instructions to parents and children, and of the reciprocal privileges and duties of Christian nurture and obedience; including the ordinance of the baptism of children, and the responsibility of their consecration to God. The whole household relationship is swept away, and the very existence of the family, as God has appointed it, is rendered impossible by a system that forbids marriage; forbids children to obey their parents; makes both classes the mere property of the master, and forbids parents from training up their children under any other nurture and admonition than that of the slave-market and the auction-block, in the most absolute chattelism the world ever saw. We need, therefore, no other argument to show the infernal nature of this American system of Christian slaveholding than such a trial of it on the word of God. It is like the torture of the boots, the thumb-screws, and the wedges on the human system. You might as well say that your lungs were intended to breathe fire or the fumes of sulphuric acid, or that you can live upon the oil of vitriol, or that the crystals of prussic acid were appointed for the strengthening of your stomach, as that this dreadful scheme of iniquity grows out of Christianity, or can possibly be consistent with it. On the contrary, it destroys for its victims every ordinance of Christianity, and every possibility of participation in its blessings; and it must corrupt every element of true religion in the hearts of those who practise and defend the system. It creates one class of selfish despots, for whom the word of God, so frightfully perverted, is made just only a minister to their avarice and cruelty; at whose will, and for the convenience of their lusts and interests, all the rights and claims of others, even to the elementary privileges of Christianity, are denied and refused, or parcelled out at man's bidding, not God's. It degrades and distorts another class into a set of creatures for whom the instructions in the word of God are inadmissible; or if any of its privileges are offered, it is only at the will of the masters, under whose legislation and administration Christianity itself becomes a perversion of the attributes of God, a sneering, tantalizing mockery and torture, a fable of charity, but a reality of prejudice, injustice and cruelty.

Now, we may not pass from this sketch of the course of argument in the word of God against the sin of slavery without remarking how eminently and closely scriptural it is as a subject of investigation, how appropriate as a subject for preaching and teaching, through what highways of light, of divine instruction, of the glorious revelation of God's attributes and ways, and what disclosures of duty and happiness, it leads the mind; so that, notwithstanding the wicked, inhuman prejudice against having the claims of the oppressed presented from the word of God, and the iniquity of such oppression demonstrated, no subject could be more interesting and enlivening, and none more suitable for the Sabbath and the pulpit.*

* The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding, Demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. By George B. Cheever, D.D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

* Eph. v., 22, 28,

* See Granville Sharpe, Declaration of Natural Right, 179. And Abbé Reynal, Histoire Des Indes, compared with Grotius and others, showing that the Law of Nations and of Natural Right runs parallel with the whole line of argument from the Scriptures. "The Law of Nature is founded on the primary and eternal laws of God, and whatsoever is contrary to any of these is *malum in se*, which no authority on earth can make lawful." "*Non sunt statuta, sed corruptela*, the laws against Natural Right ARE NOT LAWS, BUT CORRUPTIONS, which the will of God requires every man to disobey. Coke, Bracton, and others, cited by Sharpe.

### *SENATOR SEWARD'S SPEECH.*

MR. GARRISON'S REVIEW.

From The Liberator, March 16th.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

IN our last number we occupied as much space as we could conveniently spare, in making some comments upon the recent speech of Mr. Seward in the Senate of the United States. We proceed to finish our review of it.

On the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster made his fatal speech on the odious Compromise bill of Mr. Clay—a speech which took the entire North by surprise, kindled a flame of indignation universally, and sent its author reeling to his grave, like one stricken and blinded by the lightning of heaven. On the 20th of February, 1860, William H. Seward, the most prominent candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, in the same Senate chamber, reverts to this melancholy occurrence as a praiseworthy act, and in complimentary terms speaks of it as an evidence of "unquestionable devotion to the Union"! It was, unquestionably, the last desperate bid for the Presidential chair by the recreant New Englander, under the pretence of "devotion to the Union"; and the retributive consequences which so speedily and so fearfully followed it should admonish Mr. Seward that, if he desires to "go down to an honored grave," or to be truly respected while living, he must pursue a very different course.

Of his speech we said, last week—"Its effect will be highly detrimental to the moral sentiment of the North on the subject of slavery"—and the truth of this assertion is already beginning to be seen in the altered tone of the Republican journals generally. Not one of them, as yet, ventures to express any objection to anything contained in the speech; all of them, so far as we have seen, are loud in praise of it for its "moderate," "conciliatory," "conservative," "Union-loving" tone—ominous and detestable terms, because always significant of treachery to the cause of freedom, through concession and compromise when that cause is most imperilled!

It would be an unwarrantable impeachment of the intelligence and discernment of the Republican party to suppose that it perceives no change for the worse in Mr. Seward—no alteration of tone or mien—no lowering of the standard as originally erected—no retraction of the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict." Thousands of its members are mortified, disappointed and privately indignant at the cautious, calculating, retreating policy of their favorite candidate; but, at the same time, they feel that, in order to achieve the success of the party in the approaching struggle, they must smother their feelings, and assume to be satisfied with what he has recently said and done. It is by such a process, in such an exigency, that demoralization on a wide scale is effected, because there are few whose moral integrity is proof against a powerful political temptation. Such are ever pronounced impracticable, unwise, visionary. So, in his 7th of March speech, Mr. Webster sneeringly said—

"There are men who are of opinion that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics; and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation. They are apt to think that nothing is good but what is perfect, and that there are no compromises or modifications to be made in consideration of difference of opinion, or in deference to other men's judgment."

Here we have any amount of moral profligacy concealed in the drapery of a deceptive phraseology. The sneer is intended expressly, and only, for those who maintain that it is a crime to "strike hands with thieves and consent with adulterers"; whose motto is, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"; who believe it is at all times better to obey God than to violate his laws; who enforce the doctrine of immediate emancipation as the duty of the master, and the right of the slave; and who cannot be coaxed nor bribed to play fast-and-loose with principle. "They deal with morals as with mathematics," and do not make them matters of convenience or barter. They are not, as Mr. Webster says, "too impatient to wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind"; but they see, by a close examination of history from its earliest to its latest date, that such causes make "slow progress" because of the tendency of public men, like Mr. Webster and Mr. Seward, to substitute policy for principle, and they say to every such overture, as Jesus said in a similar case, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" In subserving the slaveholding interest of the South, Mr. Webster finds no difficulty in discovering "what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic equation"! "I put it," he says, "to all the sober and sound minds at the North, as a question of morals [what! "dealing with morals as with mathematics"!] and a question of conscience, what right have they, in their legislative capacity or any other capacity, to endeavor to get round this Constitution, or to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the Constitution to the persons *whose slaves escape from them?* None at all; none at all." It is such reasoning, or rather such sophistry, that bewilders, misleads and corrupts the multitude, and at times almost "deceives the very elect." Hence, the artful collocation of specious words by Mr. Seward (whereby it is hoped the plunderers of the poor and needy will be propitiated, and the friends of freedom made less exacting, in order to make personal and party success a possible event at the coming Presidential election) renders his speech seductive and dangerous to an incalculable extent.

In noticing the Southern allegation that the Republican party in the North is hostile to the South, Mr. Seward soothingly says—

"It already is proved to be a majority in the North; it is, therefore, practically, the people of the North. Will it not still be *the same North that has forborne with you so long*, and EXCEDED TO YOU SO MUCH? Can you justly assume that *affection* which has *been so complying* can all at once *change to hatred intense and inexorable?*"

Will the reader analyze this pregnant language? Hitherto, the *forbearance* of the North with the South has been a combination of *selfishness* and *cowardice*; and this is to be continued, forsooth, if the Republican party shall triumph! It will be the same North that has "conceded to you [the slaveholders and slave-breeders of the South] *so much*"—yea, till not a vestige of constitutional liberty remains at the South for any Northern citizen! And further concessions, there are, may be expected in the same direction, and to the same end! What nonsense to talk of the "*affection* which has been so complying"! Say, rather, the passion for money-making, the lack of backbone, the absence of moral principle, the want of self-respect and true courage! What the South calls "hatred intense and inexorable" means anything that threatens the safety and non-extension of her slave system; and, therefore, if his words have any meaning, Mr. Seward desires her to believe that the "affection which has been so complying," hitherto, will characterize the North as much under a Republican as under a Democratic administration. For what is the object of such language, except to disavow the necessity of any conflict with the South, on account of her slave institutions, "irrepressible" or otherwise? Is it not a promise to keep the peace—to abstain from whatever policy may cause irritation or alarm at the South—to make the preservation of the Union paramount to the preservation of Northern liberty?

Not less objectionable is his language concerning the colored race, whether bond or free. The South, he says, accuses the Republican party of having ulterior and secret designs, but she names only one:

"That one is to introduce negro equality among you. Suppose we had the power to change your social system: what warrant have you *for supposing that* we [REPUBLICANS] *would carry negro equality among you?* We know, and SHALL SHOW YOU, if you will only give heed, that what our system of labor works out, wherever it works out *anything*, is THE EQUALITY OF WHITE MEN. . . . . In which of the [free] States I have named is it that negro equality offends the white man's pride? . . . . Did Washington, Jefferson and Henry, when they implored you to relinquish your system, and accept the one we have adopted, propose to sink you down to the level of the African, or was it their desire to exalt all WHITE men to a common political elevation?"

If this is not to evince and encourage the unnatural, malevolent and all-prevailing prejudice against a most wickedly abused and outraged people—if this is not to justify the distinction of race by unjust and crushing legislation in the future as in the past, in the North as well as in the South—what is the meaning of it? It cannot relate to social tastes or conventional associations, for these exist in strong diversity and striking contrast among the white population whose "equality" is declared to be fully recognized and enjoyed. It means, therefore, that the Republican party is exclusively the white man's party, and will give no countenance to POLITICAL EQUALITY, irrespective of complexional differences. It is the confession of Mr. Seward—not our accusation.

Like every self-seeking aspirant for office, Mr. Seward deems it profitable and politic to burn incense upon the altar of the Union, and to bend the knee in worship thereof, after the manner of a heathen devotee. Instead of rebuking the idolatrous spirit which prevails at the North for a mere piece of parchment, he seeks to intensify it, and to diffuse it where it seems to be wanting. The Republican party is *the* party of the Union; no party can hope for success without upholding the Union; "the firm-set earth" is not more sure than the perpetuity of the Union! The Union, then, must be of heaven, not of men—the creation of God, and not the contrivance of independent colonies to assimilate under one form of government; else the analogy is impious and absurd. Not such is the doctrine laid down in the Declaration of Independence:

"We hold these truths to be SELF-EVIDENT: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: that, TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*; that, whenever any *form* of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people *to alter or abolish it*, and to institute *a new government*, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Hence those who affect special reverence for the Union and make its perpetuity the test of patriotism are mere babblers, as blind as they are foolish; for by the rule we have quoted from the Declaration, an experiment of seventy years proves that it is time to "institute a new government," the old one having necessarily proved a failure by its incongruous and irreconcilable elements. "For Jerusalem [the North] is ruined, and Judah [the South] is fallen, because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory. The shew of their countenance doth witness against them; and *they declare their sin as Sodom*; they hide it not. The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of his people, and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts . . . Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand. . . . Associate yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, it shall come to nought. Say ye not, A Confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear; and he shall be for a sanctuary."

Compare the following complacent language with the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," and observe what an alteration in the tone of Mr. Seward, as well as what idolatry for a man-made Union!

"Mr. President, we are perpetually forgetting this subtle and complex, yet obvious and natural, mechanism of our Constitution; and because we do forget it, we are continually wondering how it is that a confederacy of thirty and more States, covering regions so vast, and regulating interests so various of so many millions of men, constituted and conditioned so diversely, work right on. We are continually looking to see it stop and stand still, or fall suddenly into pieces. But, in truth, it will not stop; *it cannot stop*; it was made not to stop, but to keep in motion—in motion always, and without force. For my own part, as this wonderful machine, when it had newly come from the hands of its almost divine inventors, was the admiration of my earlier years, although it was then but imperfectly known abroad, so now, when it forms the central figure in the economy of the world's civilization, and the best sympathies of mankind favor its continuance, I expect that it will stand and work right on until men shall fear its failure no more than we now apprehend that the sun will cease to hold its eternal place in the heavens."

The South is "full of the habitations of cruelty"—her soil is daily saturated with the blood of her oppressed victims—and she proclaims her determination never to yield up her revolting slave system. What does Mr. Seward say about it?

"*Use your authority to maintain what system you please.* We are not distrustful of the result. We have wisely, as we think, exercised ours to protect and perfect the manhood of the members of the State. The whole sovereignty upon domestic concerns within the Union is divided between us by unmistakable boundaries. You have your fifteen distinct parts; we eighteen parts, equally distinct. Each must be maintained in order that the whole may be preserved. It ours should be assailed, within or without, by any enemy, or for any cause, and we shall have need, we shall expect you to defend it. *If yours shall be assailed, in any emergency, no matter what the cause or the pretext, or who the foe, we shall defend your sovereignty as the equivalent of our own.*"

"Use your authority to maintain what system you please"! Rob the poor, oppress the needy, trade in slaves and the souls of men, according to your own taste; and if thereby you get yourselves into trouble—if other John Browns shall try to "deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor," and to bring your tyrannical power to an end—we stand ready to assist in hanging them, and protecting you against all harm! Horrible!

Here is another significant comment upon the 'irrepressible conflict" doctrine. Now how altered the tune! "Mutual toleration and a fraternal spirit" between Liberty and Slavery—freemen and men-stealers—Christ and Belial! Statesmanship, forsooth!

"You are equally at liberty to reject our system and its ethics, and to maintain the superiority of your own by all the force of persuasion and argument. We must, indeed, mutually discuss both systems. All the world discusses all systems. Especially must we discuss them, since we have to decide as a nation which of the two we ought to ingraft on the new and future States growing up in the great public domain. Discussion, then, being unavoidable, what could be more wise than to conduct it with *mutual toleration and in a fraternal spirit?*"

Perhaps no statement in the whole speech will excite more surprise at home, or more indignation abroad, than the following:

"I am no assailant of States. All of the States are parcels of my own country—the best of them not so wise or great as I am sure it will hereafter be; the State least developed and perfected among them all is wiser and better than any foreign State I know."

The most barbarous and benighted slave-driving State "wiser and better" than England, France, or Germany! So says William H. Seward!

The entire speech is as impassive as marble, and as bloodless as a corpse.

### *TO BOSTON AND BACK.*

—AY, back safely! not devoured by Abolitionists, not roasted to a cinder by Republicans! Back, with a cuticle unsmirched by tar and free of feathers! Back sound in limb and wind and religion! Do our readers ask who is this fortunate adventurer? We reply, that well-known public character, the editor of *The Norfolk* (Va.) *Examiner*. This courageous person, bearing of Boston, as in olden time men heard, with a passion to explore it, of Prester John's country, has dared all things, has seen, heard and tasted for himself, and has come out of this lions' den as Daniel did out of the old one, with a satisfied smile irradiating his visage. But, then, he went in under such favorable auspices! Invited, in fact, by one of the chief lions! Why should not the Examiner of Norfolk examine the curiosities and antiquities, ancient and modern, of the three-hilled City with impunity, with the Honorable Edward Everett for his guide, philosopher and friend? The truth is, the Light of Norfolk would not, upon any vulgar summons, have favored Boston by his presence—for presence implies patronage, and payment for unconstitutional beds, for incendiary dinners, for treasonous suppers, for agitating beverages, for inflammatory drives, for many other things subversive of the beloved institution. By visiting Boston, under usual circumstances, the Virginian exposes himself, in his own country, to the suspicion of his righteous neighbors; and unless he is fortunate, as our Excellent Editor was, in his company, he may, by such an excursion, expose himself to many unpleasant though neighborly attentions upon his return to his native wilds. But our Norfolk brother was saved from any unjust imputations by the fact that he went to Boston "on the polite invitation of Mr. Everett," and we cannot suspect any Virginian chevalier, and much less any Virginian editor, of even the whitest untruth. Here let us pause for a moment, and indulge in a few reflections upon the self-denying patriotism of one who is an Orator and Statesman, and who would, in his hot-youth, have been a Soldier (knapsack and all) if a negro rebellion had but conveniently outbroken.

The preservation of the Union has for many years been Mr. Everett's principal business. Other men with a taste and talent for preservation devote themselves to their own health or that of their friends; to packing grapes and potatoes in saw-dust, or something else; or when avowed old ladies, to the manufacture of jams, jellies and other toothsome illustrations of the conservative principle, which, singularly enough, is as sour in a caucus as it is sweet in the kitchen. Mr. Everett's special department, however, is to conserve the nation, the purchase of Mount Vernon being what he chiefly relies upon. But he is too devoted to his mission to scorn even minor arts; and therefore we find him bitting upon the happy idea, the masterly scheme, of inviting the editor of *The Norfolk* (Va) *Examiner* to visit Boston. With the prospect of such a lardlord, we may be sure that the editor lost no time in putting on one clean collar, in putting another into his carpet-bag, in supplying himself with a good store of "Virgin Leaf," and in writing to Josiah Perham for a "free ticket," with or without which he started upon his travels. What shirt of mail he wore upon his back, what poly-barreled pistols he carried in his pocket, how many gallons of liquidity he left upon the floors of the railway carriages, how many he killed upon the journey, we are not—lamentable hiatus!—informed. He arrived in Boston seriously, and we may suppose savagely, expecting "to find a vast number of rank Abolitionists," and he only encountered Mr. Everett, who long since outlived his rankness in that regard. Under the guidance of his honorable friend, he entered the circles of learning, fashion and refinement, and to his utter astonishment (and ours) he was civilly received. He expected "a freezing welcome." He anticipated "direct insult." But his bowie-knife was permitted to slumber, without dishonor, in his bosom, and his pistol in his pocket. He came—he saw—he killed nobody and nobody killed him! His arrival excited no tumult, and not a voice whispered of lynching him. This of itself, was enrapturing, but a pleasure of more exquisite poignancy was in store. He encountered "many gentlemen," not merely of "professed conservative sentiments," but of "radical pro-slavery views." Yea! not savages full of the hideous superstitions of the Revolution, besotted philanthropists and fanatical philosophers, but real "radical pro-slavery men," with their heads uncovered and their backs bent, ready to present yard-sticks, and to pay every honor to "a Southern journalist." Wherever he went, the blandest civility awaited him. Gentlemen hurried to express to this distinguished man "disgust" and "horror" at Abolitionism, and respect for "the rights of the South." His wonder was unbounded. He thought, at first, that perhaps this orthodoxy might be confined to the circles which live and move and have their being in Mr. Everett. He left that gentleman. Solitary and alone, he continued his explorations. It was the same. He neither saw nor smelt an Abolitionist, although Abolitionists may have seen and smelt him. Under these benign circumstances, he abandoned himself to enjoyment; and, finally, after much festivity, where he had anticipated only "a freezing welcome," he returned to his desk in Norfolk, without firing a shot which he considers to be worth mentioning.

But although once more safe over his own inkstand, he is uneasy, until he has shown his gratitude to Mr. Edward Everett, his preserver and benefactor. A common man would have sent some common token of his thankfulness—a cane, a snuff-box or a few pounds of "Honey-Dew." But this does not satisfy the fastidious gentleman of *The Examiner*; and after sufficient reflection, he has hit upon the notable idea of nominating Mr. Everett for the Presidency. Now, there is about this polite proposition something exceedingly novel, if not delicate. It has never before been supposed, because a man asks you to dinner, that you must suggest his name to a National Convention; and should the precedent be established, dining out will become quite as uncomfortable as not dining at all. However, Mr. Everett has at last gathered "a remainder biscuit" of the many loaves which he has cast upon the waters—he is at last fairly named for the Presidency; and if he can but dine a few more Southern editors before the Charleston Convention, he may be nominated again and again in many newspapers. Nay, the grateful and honorable gentleman who crooked his knees under Mr. Everett's mahogany proposes, such is the plenitude of his kindness, to organize a new party for Mr. Everett's own particular use and behoof, on the basis of "the salvation of the Union"—to be called and known, we suppose, as The Salvation Party—in which title there may be a hidden allusion to Mr Everett's juvenile profession. We think this an excellent idea, for it is hardly probable that the Charleston Convention will look for a candidate in Boston. Our friend merely hints at his Salvation Party, but we anticipate a fuller development of his scheme by and by. We admit, however, that we do not wait with a very lively hope. For this paragon of an editor is not merely in favor of making Mr. Everett President, but, in the excess of his gratitude he also proposes to dissolve the Union; so that his protégé will be much in the position of Gov. Sancho Panza; and although he may be President, he will not be President of anything in particular. This is something as if a preacher should demonstrate the impossibility of a Future Life, at the same time offering his hearers eternal happiness as the reward of their infidelity. Such a nomination from such a quarter must be gratifying to Mr. Everett; but we do not remember, at this time, any other man in the country who would care the shortest of straws for it.—*Tribune.*

### *DR. STOW AND THE BAPTIST BOARD.*

*To the Editor of The (London) Anti Slavery Advocate.*

DEAR SIR: In July last Dr. Baron Stow of Boston introduced himself to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society in London, claiming to be decidedly an anti-slavery man. He denied all knowledge of any pecuniary aid to be received as an anti-slavery man except he disavows fellowship with slaveholders, both in a church relationship and in the benevolent and religious societies with which he coöperates; and except also he disavows prejudice against color, that barbarous iniquity which manifests itself in "negro pews," and separate communion at the table of the Lord, as well as in colleges, schools, hotels, railway trains, steamboats, and private life. Your committee beg to *urge* the requirement of this twofold disavowal because they deem this only to be a sufficient test of sincerity in the case; because by this means only will complicity with the enormity in question be fully rebuked; and because they are assured that the adoption of this test in this country will greatly facilitate the doom of slavery in that noble but shackled Republic.

Signed on behalf of the Committee, Jan. 12th, 1860.

W. A. BLAKE, Chairman.

Every item in this report is sustained by direct and indisputable evidence. It is confined to the present time, stating what was fact at the date given. Had the past been gone into, a series of facts of which I possess proof would have been given, which show that Dr. Stow's course in relation to slavery since the year 1832 has been strangely inconsistent. I hold him to be blamable above many of his time-serving brethren in the North, and immeasurably more faulty than the religiously blind slaveholder in the South. However, prior to the adoption of the report it was agreed by the Board to send a copy of it to Dr. Stow, "respectfully requesting him to give any explanation in his power to the allegations it contains." Therefore, at the next meeting of the Board I expect the question will be finally disposed of. Further remarks I must forbear to make, having been hindered writing until the last moment by illness.

Yours faithfully for God and the slave,

W. H. BONNER.

Spring Cottage, Upper Bland street, London, S. E.

### REIGN OF TERROR AT THE SOUTH.

A TEACHER EXPELLED FROM ARKANSAS.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

AURORA, Ill., Feb. 15, 1860.

WITH your permission, I will occupy a small space in your paper, as a witness against the tyranny and oppression in the South. I have resided in Louisiana and Arkansas over ten years, was engaged in teaching, and am an official member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Since the Harper's Ferry affair, the Southern people have a peculiar hatred against Northern and Eastern people, irrespective of party.

In January, a spy was sent to me to ascertain my political views, endeavoring to extort from me a confession that "slavery was a social, moral and political blessing" (or sentiments to that amount), and also to have me enlist in a military company, to be ready "to fight the North, and particularly the Yankees, in the next expected outbreak"; to "be ready to fight for the dissolution of the Union," &c.

I informed the spy that "I could not, consistently with my convictions of right and wrong, and further, "*I would not!*" that "I was proud of Yankeedom as the land of my nativity, and that I would sooner die than take up arms against my parents, brothers and sisters."

Three days after, I was waited upon by a gentleman slaveholder, showing me resolutions, signed by nearly all the planters in that vicinity, resolving themselves into a "Vigilance Committee, for the security of their slaves, pledging themselves one to another, to examine every non-slaveholder and satisfy themselves beyond a doubt of the soundness of every person; and should they find any one of whom they should have the slightest suspicion, they would communicate at once, one with another."

The gentleman then accused me of rece

chartered in New York to come to St. Ilia Mills, on the St. Ilia river, to load with lumber. Capt. A. V. Kinney was master, who had with him his wife, Mr. Patterson the mate, and a crew of four men.

Mr. Patterson was well acquainted with the river, having once been wrecked up White Oak Creek. At that time, while stripping the vessel, he lived with a wealthy planter, who became much attached to him. No sooner had his planter friend—Mr. Morrissy—learned that he was again on the river, than he sent a negro to conduct him to his house. Mr. Morrissy, learning the captain had his wife with him, sent a pressing invitation by Mr. Patterson, for the captain to come and bring his wife with him, to take Christmas dinner with his family.

On Sunday morning, December 25th, the captain, with his wife and mate, took the crew in the boat and started for Mr. Morrissy's plantation, having to go about 15 miles by water to his place of landing, from which to the plantation was five miles. After landing, he sent his men to a Mr. Peters's house (he being acquainted with Mr. P.) to tarry until his return. The crew had been in the house but a short time before six armed men came there, by the names of David Brown and his two sons, Burril Brown and Nathan Brown, with their brother-in-law, Thomas Harrison, and two others whose names I don't recollect, and told them they must go to jail. The sailors, believing their innocence would appear the more apparent if they yielded, concluded to obey their orders, supposing they were authoritative. They were then taken into the woods, tied to a tree, and a negro made to give three of them *fifty* lashes apiece. The reserved one was a tall man of the height of six feet three inches, whom they called "the captain of the crowd." Upon his back they dealt *one hundred* lashes. After he was taken down, they asked him if he would run as fast the others had? they having been compelled to run as fast as released.

As he did not at once start, one of the gang raised his gun, saying, "—— you, you won't run, will you?" and fired, the ball passing near his head and lodging in a tree. With what strength remained, the suffering man then started, hastened by the profane threats of his tormentors. By the kindness of Burril Brown's wife, the men were shown the way down, and a boat was provided to take them on board the vessel.

On Monday morning, as Capt. Kinney, his wife and Mr. Patterson were coming down toward the landing, they were met by the men who took the sailors aboard, and told what had happened, and advised him to go back to Mr. Morrissy's and leave the woman, and then go round the other way and send a sheriff for the boat. This advice was acted upon.

They had not gone more than half a mile, before they were overtaken by a man on horseback, who pointed a double-barrelled gun at the captain's head and told him to stop. Presently old Brown and his gang came along, armed with pistols and guns, and ordered the captain and mate to take off their coats, which they refused to do. Guns were at once cocked and levelled at their heads, and compliance demanded by threatening to blow out their brains.

After they had divested themselves of their outer garments, a negro was ordered to give them fifty lashes apiece. The captain's wife piteously interceded in behalf of her husband and companion, but they coarsely told her to stop her d—d crying or they would give her the same number of lashes they were now giving her husband. After the negro had completed his task, old Brown, who was unable to walk without a cane, came hobbling along, and commanded the slave to give them four more for tally.

These six inquisitors then marched the sufferers before their guns to the boat, and then shoved it off, leaving them to row fifteen miles against the tide to their vessel.

A few days after the transaction, the mate showed me his back, which was bruised and cut from his neck to his knees, as was also the case with the others who were flogged.

The only reason given for committing this outrage was that the captain and his men were "damned Northerners."

## THE SENATORIAL INQUISITION.

### PLANS OF JOHN BROWN.

Horace White of *The Chicago Press and Tribune*, who was summoned to Washington to testify before the Senate Committee of Investigation into John Brown's affairs, presents the following conclusions from his observations and investigations:

I. That this Government is not administered on economical principles. This morning Senator Mason handed me an order on the Secretary of the Senate for two hundred and ten dollars—in return for which he has twenty pages of foolscap nothing at ten dollars and fifty cents a page. For a similar amount of equally valuable rubbish Richard Realf collared over six hundred dollars, Federal currency. Augustus Wattles took about three hundred and fifty dollars in mileage; Aray a like amount; and so it goes. The investigation will not cost less than one hundred thousand dollars when the bills are all footed, and the net results will not be worth one hundred red cents.

II. That the Committee will not be ready to report before the Presidential election. All the evidence taken thus far washes the Republican party clean of John Brown and Harper's Ferry. This is not the entertainment to which the investigators invited themselves. They will manage to stave off the printing of the testimony, on one pl a or another, till next winter. They will pretend that important witnesses are still wanting. They will not give the country a glimpse of their report this season. They will not contribute that electioneering document to the Republican side, "if the Court understand herself."

III. I conclude, lastly, that John Brown's purpose was to get together four or five hundred slaves, put rifles into the hands of the more intelligent and pikes into those of the remainder, and intrench himself in the mountains. In the fastnesses which he had selected he could have maintained himself for thirty days against any force which could have been sent against him. The news of the insurrection would have spread like wildfire North and South; it would have penetrated through the thick darkness which envelopes the slave population. It would have carried an indescribable panic to every Southern plantation and fireside. It would have sent him reenforcements from hundreds of negro quarters. When troops were sent North to cut off his retreat to Canada, *he* would have marched South. His presence in Tennessee and the Carolinas would have created a pandemonium in whose confusion and terror he expected that slavery would somehow, in some undefined way, have an end. If he (Brown) should happen to lose his life in the turmoil, that would be of the least possible consequence. He would trust to the elements brought into conflict to work out the problem by natural laws. I am not prepared to say that the result would have disappointed his expectations if he had got away from Harper's Ferry with five hundred well-armed negroes. But his movement was precipitated at least a week before the time he had chosen. Various theories are advanced to account for this fatality, but the most intelligible one is that one of his men deserted the day before the blow was struck, and that Brown had reason to believe he intended to betray him. Another theory is that he and his men were suspected by the citizens of Harper's Ferry; and that if they had remained inactive another day, they would have been arrested. It is certain that *something* impelled him to strike before he had placed himself *en rapport* with the slaves. He met his fate with the calmness of one who was conscious that he had ruined no one else by his acts. He was a man who travelled on his own muscle. When he buttoned his coat, he covered the whole responsibility for his deeds. And for this reason Senator Mason's Committee will catch nothing, though they fish till the crack of doom.

## JOHN BROWN IN HAYTI.

Correspondence of The American Baptist.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Jan. 21, 1860.

Dear Bro. Brown: Yesterday was such a day as had never been seen in this city. It was a day of mourning for *Capt John Brown*. The city was hung over with black flags. The cathedral was clothed in deep mourning, within and without, and every vessel in port raised its flag in honor of that great man, except the *American vessels*.

Mass was sung by about 3,000 Catholics, at 8 o'clock, in the National Chapel, for the greatest hero and martyr of the age. There were present, also, many Protestants, the European consuls, and distinguished dignitaries of Hayti, Secretaries of State, &c. The President was necessarily absent, but his family was present. The high priest officiated. He is nearly black, but his robe was held up by two white priests during the ceremony. This fact is significant. In it I see the triumph of the colored man's cause. God speed the day! Such a service in honor of that rigid old Puritan and Protestant was a strange work for Catholics, but I assure you they engaged in it with a hearty good will. I am constrained to believe that colored Catholics are better than white ones, especially since Judge Taney is one of the latter. The services were really solemn, and the more so because there was no firing of cannons, or moving of soldiers. It is true many officers of the army turned out in full dress, but wearing their swords in mourning. There were many young gentlemen, mostly lawyers, and several Protestants, who acted as masters of the ceremonies. They were richly dressed in black, with crape sashes thrown over their shoulders, and indeed nearly every gentleman present was dressed in black, and wore crape on the left arm. The boys from all the city schools were present, with their masters, and they too wore crape; and I am proud to add, of the white Americans here, Messrs. Cutts and Cooper, and those of their house, were present, and dressed in mourning. After the mass, a white priest, and two colored lawyers, addressed the assembly. The priest drew a striking comparison between our Savior and Capt. Brown. The one gave his life for the *souls* and the other for the *liberties* of the colored race. One of the lawyers called up the shades of all the distinguished dead of Hayti, and begged them to unite in the honor paid to John Brown. But I cannot give those addresses here. I hope they will be published.

John Brown's monument will be built, and I now pledge a block of Haytian marble for it. Let this be the inscription on it, "John Brown, Our Friend."

There were many things to interest and affect me as they could, perhaps, no one else present, because of my personal acquaintance with Captain Brown, and our many consultations for the liberty and welfare of my afflicted people. While I was comparing the hundreds of candles that were burning to so many lights of liberty, an official took a candle which had a chief position, and blew it out. It indicated the American despots blowing out the light of John Brown's life. How little did they think that in hanging that man, they were making a chandelier of diamonds, in which they put the brightest light of the age, and hung it between the heavens and the earth, to give the light of a true gospel and civil liberty to the whole world. I believe that the right will win.

Another singular incident was the arrangement of crape on my arm, by one of the Sisters of Charity, in the chapel. As soon as I was seated, a colored lady, dressed in mourning, approached me and wished to know if I would accept of crape on my arm, in honor of "Saint Brown"? I assured her that I felt it to be an honor of which I was unworthy, yet I would accept of it gladly. She then arranged a piece over a yard long, and most beautifully put, on my *right* arm, while everybody's else was on their *left*. I cannot describe the emotion of my soul as I sat mute, with my right arm in mourning for the man whom I regarded as the right arm of my people, in delivering them from American slavery.

The tomb of Captain John Brown was placed in the centre of the cathedral. It was rich and in good taste. Many black satin flags waved over it. At each of its four corners, the purest and sweetest incense burned. It was also surrounded with lighted candles. On it and in front was fixed a piece of pure white satin, on which was printed, in letters of gold, "*John Brown, heroiqué martyr de la liberté des noir.*" There were many other emblems, beautiful and impressive, among which was the weeping evergreen, or willow, bespangled with gold.

It is intended to raise a considerable sum of money for Captain Brown's family. We, Protestants, hold a meeting next week for that purpose. We are few and poor, but the Catholics are many and rich. Our gifts must be small, but I hope theirs will be large. I have constantly urged this matter from my arrival here till now. And may God bless the family of our murdered friend.

W. P. Newman.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"


## NOTICE.

A number of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

## THE SCRIPTURES ON THE GUILT OF SLAVERY.*

Dr. Cheever has dedicated this new work upon slavery to Rev. William G. Schauffler, D.D., a missionary of the American Board at Constantinople, who expressed to him, in his last visit to this country, his conviction of the truth and accuracy of the views contained in it.

This dedication also tells us that those of the missionaries of the Board who are opposed to slavery dare not let the heathen know that such an iniquity is tolerated by Christians; much less, that the Board itself maintains and sanctions such a violation of the precepts of the Gospel in its Churches in this country.

Unfortunately, the timidity of these missionaries goes beyond even this statement; for they do not venture to make their own disapproval of slavery known to the people of this country, except by whispering it in the ear of friends whom they already know to share that opinion. Mr. Schauffler has repeatedly been in this country, but has never attempted to oppose that complicity with slavery which is persistently practised, both by the Board and the Churches. Probably not one person in a hundred of those who read his letters in the *Missionary Herald* has the slightest suspicion that he cares for the slave. He, however, is not the worst specimen of the paralyzing influence exercised by the Board on the hearts and consciences of their missionaries; for Rev. Dr. Justin Perkins (for so many years missionary to the Nestorians), who formerly preached and printed a stirring sermon entitled "Our Country's Sin," is now directly engaged in upholding that sin, by travelling about with the Secretaries of the Board, and using his influence with the people to cause that profligate body to be sustained, its debts paid, and its treasury replenished, in spite of the recent abundant evidence of its corruption.

The timidity of those among the missionaries who are really averse to slavery, in any expression of opinion before the American public on that subject, is remarkable and mysterious, considering that in another quarter, and from other opponents, they are ready to face not only sufferings, labors and privations, but the danger of martyrdom. The Prudential Committee seem to have a power of fascination over them, as the snake over the bird. Many individuals among the missionaries are known to have become converted to anti-slavery principles, but they keep silence. If all such had shown the same determined persistence in practical action *against* slavery, as the Choctaw and Cherokee missionaries have in its favor, the work of arousing the Churches in opposition to it would already be half done. Several missionaries, at different intervals, have withdrawn from the service of the Board, under circumstances that seemed to indicate its pro-slavery character as the cause of their resignation; but they kept silence. In 1837, the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands printed a circular addressing the Christians in this country, and urging the claims of the slave, and the duty of laboring for his immediate emancipation. The Prudential Committee suppressed this document, and the Board adopted a resolution (which still remains in force) forbidding the printing, on the mission presses, of any letter, tract or appeal, for circulation in the United States. What private means of intimidation, in addition to this, were put in force by the Board, we know not; but the missionaries subsided into quietness.

Then, in 1853, Mr. Stoddard, of the Nestorian mission, *cautiously* suggested to his colleague, Dr. Perkins (the same who is now laboring, in this country, to call back anti-slavery Christians to the help of the Board), the idea of a Missionary Circular on the subject of slavery. Dr. Perkins wrote the circular, and it received the signatures of about fifty missionaries of the Board in different parts of the world. But by some mistake on the part of some of the signers, the copy that was finally sent to this country for publication contained the names of but three missionaries, and seemed to emanate from them only. This copy was published in *The Independent*, and was then suffered by the editors of that paper to drop into forgetfulness. But the significant part of the transaction is that the further prosecution of the plan was dropped, and the forty-seven other missionaries forthwith subsided into silence! What did the Prudential Committee do, or threaten, to produce this silence?

Then again, in 1857, portions of letters from two missionaries, without the name of either place or person, were published in *The Independent*, expressing the strong feelings of the writers against slavery, and their sense of the need of active effort against it, with decided intimations, and complaints, of an adverse influence which prevented them not only from action, but from a publication of their names and a *full* expression of their feelings. What do these things mean? And what is the meaning of Dr. Perkins's apostacy? But this is a digression.

The new book on slavery, named at the head of this article, is a more thorough and minute elaboration of the argument against it contained in Dr. Cheever's former work ("God Against Slavery") and in Theodore D. Weld's earlier work, entitled "The Bible Against Slavery." Its purpose, which it accomplishes amply and thoroughly, is to show that American slavery, the system defined in the statute-books and practised in the daily life of the Southern States, receives not a particle of support or countenance from the contents of the Old Testament or of the New Testament; and that the expressions in our common version of those books which seem, in any particulars, to represent slavery as right are owing partly to the unjustifiable glosses of commentators, fixing a false idea in the minds of their readers.

To this end, Dr. Cheever commences with a critically minute examination of all those Hebrew words, phrases and constructions, which are used in regard to servitude, and especially in defining the conditions and terms of servitude, in the Pentateuch, proceeding from these to an examination of the language on this subject throughout the Hebrew Scriptures.

He affirms that there is no word in the Hebrew language meaning *slave* or *slavery*; that the current impression to the contrary is owing primarily to the authors of the Septuagint, who translated the Hebrew word which means a free, voluntary servant, and that only, by a Greek word meaning both servant and slave; and that the erroneous impression given by the latter meaning of this Greek word has been rooted in the popular mind by the representations of many commentators, English and American, who ought to have known better.

He shows that the transaction called in our version of the Pentateuch the "buying" of servants was merely a buying, from themselves, by mutual contract, of their time and services, or what we should call hiring; that this "buying" gave no title whatever to that property in the person which makes, both by law and custom, the essence of American slavery; that still less did it give a title to property in the progeny of the servant in question; that the rights of the Hebrew servants were guarded by careful, and varied, and numerous enactments, as unquestionable in their purpose of maintaining individual liberty as any of the Hebrew laws; and that when, in a later portion of the Jewish history, gross oppression was practised, and slaves were bought, sold and held by portions of that people, all this was done in open and gross violation of the Mosaic laws, and received, accordingly, the most fearful rebukes, denunciations, and threatenings of the wrath of God from the later Hebrew prophets.

Then, coming to the New Testament, he shows, in like manner, by the clear testimony alike of its letter and its spirit, that slaveholding finds neither justification nor concession in any part of either.

Dr. Cheever shows, in his usual vigorous and glowing language, that the continuance and the increase of this most aggravated form of sin are owing to the shameful fact that the Church, calling itself Christian, has never applied the law of God and the Gospel of Christ against *the relation itself* of property in man, the relation of *slaveholding*. He shows that there always followed, with the relation, and grew out of it, all the excesses, cruelties and oppressions, all the annihilations of right, and all the disregard of justice and humanity, which we now see in the Southern States; yet, nevertheless, that, ever since Christianity has been a national religion, there have been a sufficient number of Christians (so called) to defend the divine right of whatever wickedness has been passed into human law, whatever has been sanctioned and defended by the government, and to give it a respectable place and standing in the Church; while, on the other hand, he says—"God has always kept his witnesses against such inhuman and anti-Christian Christianity, and sometimes has so exalted them as martyrs (in the modern age from Latimer and Sidney down to John Brown), that the light of their burning sheds the radiance of God's own law and Gospel over whole ages, even in the midst of the excesses of atheism and depravity." And he adds this admirable statement, from Algernon Sidney's "Discourses on Government": "It hath been ever hereupon observed, that they who most precisely adhere to the laws of God are least solicitous concerning the commands of men, unless they are well grounded; and those who most delight in the glorious liberty of the sons of God do not only subject themselves to Him, but are most regular observers of the just ordinances of man, made by the consent of such as are concerned, according to the will of God."

Dr. Cheever well says that he who commits the robbery of holding a fellow-creature as property, as a slave, and then justifies it by human law, commits a double crime; first of man-stealing, unaltered by human enactments in its favor, and next of the crime of preferring man's law above God's; and he adds that there is a still greater exasperation of this wickedness, that of justifying it in the name of Christianity, and sealing it with the pretended sanction of the cross, under the New Testament. Of this guilt, now so common in the North as well as in the South, and in which Dr. South-side Adams has attained such a disgraceful eminence, our author says—"Men might as well talk of Christian murder as Christian slaveholding, and of receiving the Christian murderer into sacramental and celestial fellowship as well as the Christian slaveholder."

In spite of this decided testimony, here and in other passages, against the perversion of language, and desecration of venerable names and things referred to, Dr. Cheever's book is disfigured and alloyed in many places (as all the documents and publications of his "Church Anti-Slavery Society" have been), with this very fault, namely; a mention, *not* sarcastic (there are many other passages in which similar expressions are sarcastically used), of "Christians" as holding slaves, "Christian ministers" as defending slavery, "a whole Christian community, with the sanction of *the Church of God*" as maintaining it to be divine, and of blindness and insensibility as resting "*even on the Church of God* in regard to this subject."

These are very serious defects. But a still greater one, and one which Dr. Cheever ought to have avoided, notwithstanding the tendency of his theological system to lead him into it, is his assertion (ch. I., p. 21), speaking of the doctrine concerning slavery in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures—"*If it be not condemned there*, it is in vain that we struggle for its overthrow." Amazing infatuation! Has God made no revelation of Himself, and of man's rights and duties, *except* in the books of the Old and New Testaments? If some scholar more accomplished in Hebrew than Dr. Cheever shall succeed in showing that the words of Moses, or of whoever wrote the books ascribed to him, *do* admit the idea and the practice of slaveholding, will that obliterate God's handwriting in the body, the mind and the soul of man? Are there *no* human rights, except those which the Bible marks out and defines? Alas! the priest strives hard with the man in Dr. Cheever, and seriously limits his recognition of "the glorious liberty of the children of God." *All* men are the children of God! And each is entitled, by natural right and by natural religion, to the possession of his own hands, head and body, his own powers and faculties, his time and the avails of his labor, his wife and children, against the claim of any slaveholder, entirely irrespective of what Moses and Isaiah, Matthew and Paul wrote, whether they wrote from spontaneous thought or inspiration! Let us, by all means, have all the help towards the attainment of universal freedom that the Bible can give; but let us beware of, and resist the beginnings of, every attempt to ignore *natural* rights, whether civil or religious, and to assume that human rights are dependent upon a book.

* "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding, Demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. By Rev. George B. Cheever." 12 mo., pp. 472. Boston: John P. Jewett and Co. 1860.

## PERSONAL LIBERTY IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The debate on Wednesday, the 14th inst., was very able. The speeches of Messrs. Maxson, Barnett and Johnson have seldom been excelled, in bold and eloquent annunciation of anti-slavery principles, in any legislative assembly in the country. Whatever the fate of the bill may be, these speeches are worth all the labor the friends of it have expended in bringing it forward thus far. They are published at length in the Albany *Evening Journal*, and we hope means will be raised to gather them all into one pamphlet. A large edition of such a pamphlet should be circulated in this State and in others where the question is agitated. With Mr. Powell's able Report, they form a perfect magazine of arguments in favor of a Personal Liberty bill in every free State. Friends of the cause in any part of the country can obtain copies of the Report, and probably of the speeches, by addressing "Hon. Shotwell Powell, Assembly Chamber, Albany, N. Y." Persons willing to contribute to the expense of printing should do so immediately, directed as above, or to Miss Lydia Mott, Albany, N. Y.

Right of Suffrage for Woman.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton delivered an address on this subject in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, on Monday last, before the Committees of the Senate and Assembly. She was listened to by a very large audience of ladies and gentlemen.

## EXECUTION AND BURIAL OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.

On Friday, the 16th instant, Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett, the last of the Harper's Ferry prisoners, were put to death upon the scaffold, at Charlestown, Va. Of all the despotisms in the world none is so implacable as the Slave Power of the United States. It knows neither justice nor mercy in any case where its prerogatives are assailed. Influential pro-slavery men at the North besought Gov. Letcher to pardon Stevens, assuring him that such clemency would promote the interests of the Democratic party, while the execution of the unfortunate prisoner, unnecessary as it was to Southern security, would feed the flame of anti-slavery excitement in the free States; but the appeal was in vain. Nothing less than the death of every one of those concerned with John Brown in the effort to give liberty to the slaves would satisfy the vindictive spirit of Virginia. The only account of the execution that we have seen, beyond the brief telegraphic announcement that appeared in the papers of Saturday, is the following:

From The Charlestown (Va.) Jeffersonian.

Another, and it is hoped the final, act in the Harper's Ferry tragedy has been enacted, and Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett have been sent to "that bourne from which no traveller returneth." Although it is known that at least four of the Brown party yet remain unwhipped of justice, still the desire is that no more blood be shed, and that the remaining wretches be permitted to wander through the world with the sting of a guilty conscience, and scorned by all honest men, rather than our county shall be made the theatre of another season of excitement.

The near approach of the day of execution seemed to have but little effect on the prisoners, and for the past few days they were unusually cheerful, Stevens declaring it was his wish to be free, and therefore desired the day for his execution to arrive. Mrs. Pierce, the sister of Stevens, was with him up to yesterday morning, and made a fine impression on all with whom she was thrown, by her lady-like deportment and conduct. On Thursday, a Miss Dunbar, of Ohio, arrived in town. It is said she was engaged to be married to Stevens at the time of the Harper's Ferry invasion, and has corresponded with him since his imprisonment in this town. She is a lady of much intelligence and beauty.

A brother of Hazlett, who resides in Armstrong County, Pa., also arrived a few days ago, and was present with his brother until yesterday morning. He advised Hazlett to make a full confession of his connection with the Brown party, and counselled him to abandon all hope of a reprieve or commutation of punishment.

Yesterday morning the table was set in the passage for the criminals to eat, and seated around were the two men, who in a few hours were to be launched into eternity, a sister, and the betrothed of one, and the brother of the other. A solemn feast, and one which was seemingly enjoyed by but two—the condemned.

After the breakfast had been partaken of, the friends of the criminals bade them a long farewell and took a carriage for Harper's Ferry, where they remained until the bodies of the executed reached that place.

At eleven o'clock the field on which the scaffold was erected was occupied by a large number of spectators, a still larger number, however, remaining in town to accompany the sad procession. Col. John T. Gibson was in command of the military, which made a magnificent display.

At 10 minutes to 12 o'clock the prisoners made their appearance on the field, escorted by the Hamtramck Guards, Capt. Butler, Jefferson Guards, Capt. Rowan, and Botts Greys, Capt. Lawson Botts. The prisoners walked to the scaffold. Hazlett was in advance and ascended the steps with an uneasy, unconcerned air, followed by Stevens. Both seemed to survey with perfect indifference the large mass of persons in attendance, and neither gave the least sign of fear. A short time was spent in adjusting the ropes properly around the necks of the prisoners, which was improved by them in taking an affectionate farewell of the sheriff, jailer and jail-guard, after which the caps were placed over their heads, and Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett were launched into eternity, to be dealt with by a Judge "who doeth all things right."

There was no religious exercise with the prisoners, as they declined all offers from the clergy.

Just before the caps were drawn over their heads, Stevens and Hazlett embraced each other and kissed.

The fall broke the neck of Hazlett, and he died without a struggle, while the knot slipped on Stevens's neck, and he writhed in contortions for several minutes. They were permitted to hang about half an hour, when they were examined and pronounced dead.

THE BURIAL.

In accordance with an arrangement made with the prisoners before the day of execution, and with the assent of the Executive of Virginia, the bodies were immediately conveyed to Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, N. J., to the house of Mr. Marcus and Mrs. Rebecca B. Spring, where the funeral services took place on Sunday last. Mr. Aaron Stevens and Mrs. Lydia Pierce, the father and sister of Aaron D. Stevens, both of Norwich, Ct., Mr. Meech, his uncle, of Griswold, Ct., and the Miss Dunbar alluded to in the above account of the execution, were present. No relative of Hazlett attended. The Rev. Hiram P. Arms, of Norwich, Ct., pastor of the Church of which the father of young Stevens is a member, conducted the religious services. The house of Mr. Spring was crowded by the residents of Eagleswood (including the teachers and scholars connected with the school of Theodore D. Weld) and by citizens of Perth Amboy. The services commenced with singing the hymn,

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

The Rev. Mr. Arms then read selections from the Scriptures and made some very pertinent and impressive remarks, suggested by the painful scenes through which the deceased had been called to pass. He said that he had known young Stevens only as a boy, at which period of his life he was noted for the promptness and zeal with which he always espoused the cause of the weak and the defenceless. It was this trait of his character, no doubt, that led him to hate slavery and made him willing to unite with John Brown in an effort to break the chains of its victims. Mr. Arms having offered an appropriate prayer, Mr. Theodore Tilton, of New York, made an address, in which the topics suggested by the occasion were handled with a power that stirred every heart. Mrs. Rebecca B. Spring then read some very interesting extracts from letters written by Aaron D. Stevens during his incarceration, showing that he considered it an honor to die in the cause of liberty, and that his last days were cheered by the hope of a blessed immortality. Oliver Johnson made a few remarks, and Mrs. Spring read a hymn that had been a favorite with Stevens, and that he had copied for her just before his death. Mr. Spring, after remarking that the remains of the deceased were not in a condition to be seen, exhibited a photographic likeness of Stevens, taken only a short time before his execution, and asked those present to judge whether a man whose face presented so many indications of nobleness deserved to die the death of a felon. The exercises were concluded with singing the hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

The bodies of the dead, followed by nearly all the residents of the place in solemn procession, were then borne to the Eagleswood cemetery, where they were interred side by side, near the graves of James G. Birney and Arnold Buffum.

—Our readers will observe with satisfaction that Stevens and Hazlett followed the example of John Brown in declining the ministrations of the clerical champions of slavery. No man-stealing minister was permitted to desecrate their last hours with the mockery of his prayers and exhortations. Their example, in this respect, was worthy of the cause in which they suffered, and it cannot fail to exert a salutary influence at the South as well as at the North.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS ON DISUNION.

In accordance with the announcement we made last week, Wendell Phillips delivered in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, "A Plea for Disunion." The Tabernacle (the house of worship belonging to the Congregational Church of which the Rev. Mr. Bartlett is pastor) was engaged for the lecture, but on Monday evening the Trustees, professing to fear a mob, violated their engagement by refusing to open the house. The lecture had been advertised in the daily papers for more than a week, its title, "A Plea for Disunion," being conspicuously displayed; and yet it was not till the evening next preceding the time appointed for its delivery, when there was no adequate opportunity to look for another place and to apprise the public of the change, that these evangelically conscientious Trustees concluded to violate the engagement deliberately made by their agent. The type of morals and piety which this act reveals is not, it strikes us, the one best adapted to win the world to honest and manly ways. The Committee, in these embarrassing circumstances, remembering how Plymouth Church was opened to Mr. Phillips in 1850, when freedom of speech was struck down in New York, naturally appealed to the Trustees of that building for permission to enter its walls. They did not once dream that the application would be refused, but, after a discussion which lasted over an hour, the question was put to vote and decided in the negative, two to five. The two affirmative votes were cast by the veneral James Freeland and Mr. Henry C. Bowen, proprietor of *The Independent*, both of whom took a noble stand for free speech, exerting their whole influence in favor of the application. Those who voted in the negative are tender-footed Republican merchants, who, as a reason for shutting the doors of the Church against Mr. Phillips, expressed their belief that if he were permitted to deliver his lecture in Plymouth Church, the effect would be to increase the difficulty of procuring funds to erect their new house of worship! The help of rich "Union-savers" being needed to build a house large enough to accommodate the multitude who flock to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach, it was deemed best to conciliate them by denying this application! The conduct of these Trustees we regard as the natural fruit of that relaxation of anti-slavery principle and teaching which has marked Mr. Beecher's late course. We are not without hope that it may serve to open his eyes to the demoralizing tendencies of that spirit of compromise which has evidently crept into his mind and led him fearfully astray.

At midnight on Monday, the committee fortunately succeeded in obtaining the Athenæum, when, as good luck would have it, there was yet a possibility of announcing the change in the daily papers of Tuesday morning. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, so well calculated to defeat the lecture, and in spite of loud threats that Mr. Phillips would not be allowed to advocate his "treason," the Athenæum was crowded at an early hour by one of the most intelligent and thoughtful audiences ever convened in Brooklyn. It is only fair to say that many were probably induced to attend by the advice and recommendation of Mr. Beecher, offered in connection with the notice kindly read by him to his congregation on Sunday. Mr. Phillips was received with such demonstrations of applause as gave unmistakable evidence that his audience, however strongly they might dissent from the doctrine of disunion, were at least determined to maintain his right to advocate it. He spoke for more than an hour with an eloquence all his own, and which never fails to charm and impress every listener; and we cannot doubt that his address did much to remove unfounded prejudices and to convince his hearers of the truth of the principles therein set forth. It was reported in full in *The Tribune*, *The Times* and *The Herald* of Wednesday, and will appear in *The Weekly Tribune* of the present week.

Mr. Phillips delivered his lecture on "Agitation" at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, but of that we have no room to speak now.

## From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXV.

The Argument.—The Correspondent giveth the history of the Militia Bill in the House of Representatives—And the power of the word "white"—And its Gubernatorial aspects—Also of the divisions of Massachusetts Republicanism—Banks Stock at discount—The Correspondent adviseth the Republicans—He is pathognomical and giveth the pathology of political epidemics—He defineth his position as to Mr. Seward—And giveth evidence of jockeyship—Also accounts of the Boston Massacre Meeting, and of the luck of Crispus Attucks—Of that for Doctor Doy and on the evening of the Charlestown hangings, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, March 19, 1860.

I believe I told you in my last letter that the Militia law had been amended in the Senate by striking out the word "*white*," so as to open the monopoly of cooks' tails and gingerbread streaks, now enjoyed only by the White Trash, to our colored brethren, if they feel inclined to avail themselves of the glorious opportunity. The amendment passed the Senate by a large majority, and went down to the House seeking its fortune in that more multitudinous assembly. It did not meet with equal favor there, as it was stoutly contested on its passage by Republicans as well as Democrats, who thought that our Glorious Constitution would be endangered if a "nigger" should be permitted to hide himself in that particular wood-pile. However, it was passed by a very small majority, only four or five, I think. This will send it to the Governor, who, of course, will return it with the same objections which he interposed against its becoming a law last year, unless he should have undergone a change of heart in the interval. But, as it cannot command a two-thirds vote when returned to the House, it is as effectually disposed of as if it had been rejected, as far as the allowing our colored friends to rejoice in the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war is concerned. On the other hand, it answers the purpose of many of its supporters by helping to put his Excellency in the predicament of a virtual censure for his action last year, by the Legislature of this. For I presume the viridescence of your soul is not intense enough to make you suppose that all these votes in favor of the expurgation of the offending word represented persons of anti-slavery tendencies. Many there were of that type, we will hope; but the majority, I think we must fear, thought rather of bothering the Governor. *The Post* says that the number of persons who had voted against the proposition, at one or another of its intermediate stages, amounted to considerably more than a majority. So that a certain proportion of the members must have staid away for the purpose of letting it slide upon the Gubernatorial sconce. But I will go bail that he will extricate himself without personal damage.

There is some slight discontinuity in the Republican ranks here, I am told, as to the candidate to be supported at the Chicago Convention by this State. As if it were of the slightest importance what Massachusetts liked or *lumped* as to that matter! Her vote is secure for anybody that there is any chance of being set up, and there is no need of consulting her tastes. The vote of Massachusetts will most unquestionably be cast for Mr. Seward in the first instance, and, as he will be undoubtedly the man, our discrepancies here will be of no particular consequence. The only question is as to the Second Choice, should Mr. Seward's nomination not be effected. In such a contingency—which will never happen—Mr. Banks has very strong friends here who would push his claims to the vacant chance. But, on the other hand, he has many resolute opposers whom he has disaffected by much of his course in the State House. But if he ever had the ghost of a chance, it was laid, for the time at least, by the Two Years' Amendment which gave such intense disgust to all the foreign-born Republicans, who are too numerous not to have a voice potential in any Convention. So I do not imagine that there will be any schism in this part of the Republican Church Universal. Mr. Seward must be the candidate, unless the party have contracted a taste for being licked. Mr. Bates would be an excellent candidate to whip, supposing it were possible to nominate him. He might possibly carry some of the New England States for the Democratic man. But if the Two Years' Amendment did Mr. Banks's business, the fact of Mr. Bates having been one of the leaders of the Know-Nothing diversion under Fillmore, which defeated Fremont, must put him utterly out of the question, if the Germans have any voice in deciding it.

Our Republican General Court, however, I am told, do not intend to leave themselves without witness before the country, to counterbalance the impression the expurgation of the Militia law might produce on the general mind. I am assured that, this very morning, the committee which has our petitions for the prohibition of slave-hunting on our soil in charge will report that we have leave to withdraw the same. This, I think, should be accounted unto them for righteousness, and be allowed as a set-off against the Bill for the Botheration of Banks. Perhaps that effort was sufficient to exhaust the vitality of any Northern party at the critical moment of an election. Too much should not be expected of such political weaklings. Rickets always prevail in political nurseries at those seasons. The epidemic returns every fourth year, and all the strength which the interval has given is not sufficient to resist the new access. Perhaps, it is rather a Quartannual Ague which makes all its patients shiver and shake like Harry Gill, until the crisis is over. Indeed, the violence of the attack and the unfavorable circumstances in which the suffering party finds itself weaken its constitution permanently, and make strong efforts or regular progress difficult, if not impossible. The consequence, or *sequela*, as the doctors call it, is a general prostration of strength and indisposition to any useful action, followed generally by marasmus and ending in death:

"And thus doth canker sorrow eat its bud,
Till it doth look as hollow as a ghost,
As dun and meagre as an ague's-fit,
And so 'twill die!"

But, if it do, another must arise in its place, which may perhaps be stronger in the back.

You will not infer, from anything I may have said, that I am committed in favor of Mr. Seward. I do not think the time has yet come for jumping down from the fence on either side. I infer from the leader in your last paper, and from the views I understand *The Liberator* takes of Mr. Seward's speech, that you Out-and-Outers are not likely to encumber that gentleman's canvass with your help. So that objection, which seems to have weighed seriously with *The Tribune* as helping to turn the scale against Mr. Seward's availability, must now be considered as removed out of the way. Though not wishing to commit myself in the slightest degree, I may say that I agree in the main with your leader just referred to. I think Mr. Seward's speech in the Senate a most admirable one to go into the Chicago Convention upon, but a very sorry one to go before the people with. I should advise him, therefore, after its quiet paces and well-broken temper have won the Convention's heart to set him up as the Champion of the Republican party, to dismount from it at once and vault upon the back of the Rochester speech as the one that is likeliest to unhorse his antagonist. And this is all strictly according to the customs of chivalry. The bravest knight might amble to the lists upon a gelding or a mule; but when he got there, he would mount his stalwart war-horse who had smelled the battle afar off and wasn't afraid of the thunder of the captains and the shoutings. They who will have the arrangement of this joust will do well to send the Washington half-blood to the stable or the paddock, and bring out the Rochester full-blood, and to let their man be seen backing nothing else during the conflict. This is their only hope of victory. If the Republican party succeed next autumn, it will be because the masses of the Northern people will believe that it has really an anti-slavery core to its heart. And this is not to be done by trying to make it look as much like the Democratic party as possible, but as much unlike. But, as my advice has not been asked, it is quite likely it will not not be taken. If so, the worse for the Republicans.

There have been several public meetings of general anti-slavery interest since I wrote last. One was held on the Fifth of March, in commemo

ing a Republican for President, to attempt to inaugurate him and take the reins of government in 1861? or would it be the 'better part of valor' to do as history informs us certain Southern soldiers did when Washington was invaded by a few companies of British soldiers in 1814, who came straggling up from the waters of the Chesapeake—throw away our arms without firing a gun, and leave the 'buildings and archives and Treasury (vaults) to the mercy of the invaders'? I might answer in the words of the good old maxim—'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' But allow me to suggest, and, in so doing, to use the terse language of the distinguished gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. HICKMAN], *that eighteen million men, reared to industry, with all the appliances of art to assist them, aided by at least four million more of Union men at the South, would devise a way to inaugurate a President; and more than that, to administer the government under his lead.*"

There are further allusions to the "conflict," even upon the deadly battle-field. And yet while Northern Democrats like Mr. Hickman, and cautious Southern statesmen like Mr. Curry, talk of leaving this question of Slavery or Freedom, as our fathers did, to the stern arbitrament of red-mouthed war, we see men, who pretend to brains and common sense, who think the grand issue can be shoved aside, and never come to a settlement—who think the people will consent that the question be ignored, for the sake of peace! Never were men more dreadfully mistaken.

The business transacted in Congress since last I wrote you is of little importance, and I will not allude to it. In the House a bill has been introduced, and will soon be acted upon, which creates some interest. It is a bill to punish polygamy in Utah. Let the bill pass the House, and you will see at once what a precedent will be established. Slavery must take its turn next, if the Republicans have the requisite pluck. I understand that the Judiciary Committee will frame a bill to protect the citizens of the free States from the cruel outrages which have been recently perpetrated upon them in the slave States, and recommend its passage to the House. This will, of course, stir up the slaveholders, who have no idea of obeying the provisions of the Constitution themselves, but who are so vociferous in their demands upon the citizens of the free States.

It is now admitted, even by Mr. Douglas's friends, that his low and blackguard speech in reply to Mr. Seward has availed him nothing with his masters—the slaveholders. They will not trust him—and they act wisely. Any party which trusts to his political honesty will be cheated. Mr. Kellogg of Illinois made a speech, one day last week, in the House, in which he convinced every intelligent listener that two years ago Mr. Douglas was plotting treason to the Democratic party, encouraged as he was by Mr. Greeley and other Republicans. He was then arranging the means of transportation for himself and baggage over to the headquarters of Republicanism. And now he is bullying the very men who were then in his secrets—and all that the South may consent to accept him at Charleston as its leader in the approaching Presidential contest! No—Stephen Arnold Douglas is not a safe man even for the Slave Power. He is so thoroughly tricky, selfish, and politically dishonest, that he cannot be relied upon by the slaveholders *one moment after his election as President*. He is so selfish that if he thought turning Republican would give him a second turn, he would turn his back at once upon the men who made him President. It is a compliment to the sagacity of the Slave Power to say that it will never trust such a politician, though it may, under certain circumstances, *use him*.

It looks now as if Breckenridge or Hunter would get the nomination at Charleston. Either would be infinitely preferable to *any* Northern Democrat, and would deal with the North more fairly than Pierce or Buchanan, or any other doughface. In my judgment, Mr. Seward could beat Douglas quite as easily as either of the above-mentioned gentlemen, for with a good candidate in the field the Republicans could conquer Mr. Douglas in Illinois. But Mr. Seward is by no means sure of the Chicago nomination. There is great danger that a weaker man will be taken up, to propitiate the so-called "conservative element" at the North. AVON.

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19, 1860.

THE curtain has fallen upon the last act, and Stevens and Haslett have gone to their reward. Following their leader to the scaffold with unfaltering step, their conduct there was marked by the same grace and dignity that distinguished his and that of the others who had preceded them. Not much is said in the papers of the execution, but the fact is noticed and makes its own impression.

A hope was entertained by many that these young men would be pardoned. Petitions were put in circulation, and influences brought to bear which were supposed to be potential. Innocent ignorance of the slaveholding heart! *Abolitionists* knew better. They looked for no mercy for the doomed ones, and they were not disappointed. Slaveholders *as such* are remorseless. Their tenderest mercies are cruel. In other relations of life they may show the feelings of other men, but as owners of human property they have no bowels. All other offences, no matter how black or bloody, may be pardoned, but the sin against slavery hath no forgiveness. Stevens and Hazlett had committed the unpardonable sin, and nothing but their blood would satisfy their enemies.

What an extraordinary group of men was that of which that still more extraordinary man, John Brown, was the centre! The more we hear and know of them, the more we find in these people to admire. Each one was a hero in himself, and worthy of a special chapter in the great record which history will make up of this transaction. As an illustration of this, in part at least, I have some letters before me which I mean to copy for your readers' benefit. They are of a strictly private character, but, as I am at liberty to use them according to my discretion, I deem it proper to place them in your columns. They were written, two of them by Oliver and the remainder by Watson Brown, to their respective wives, during their sojourn near Harper's Ferry. The former were handed to one of the friends who accompanied the remains of John Brown to their resting place at North Elba. "Here," said Martha, the beautiful and grief-stricken young widow of Oliver—"here are two of my dear husband's letters; one of them the last he ever wrote to me. You are welcome to make any use of them that you think will serve the cause. Only please return them; for they have been a great comfort to me."

The letters were returned; but only in time for a few more perusals. Death came, putting a period to the lovely young creature's sorrows, and the bride and the bridegroom are again united. Mrs. Mary Ann Brown, the mother, thus writes:

"Your kind letter came safely to hand, but my time and mind have been so taken up with sickness and death that I could not write sooner. Martha lay sick four weeks, and I had the care of her mostly night and day, until I was almost worn out. Her baby only lived two days; and she gradually sunk away with a raging fever. We did all we could for her, but God saw fit to take her. We have been called upon to drink deep of the cup of affliction; but may thy will, O Lord, be done! She was willing to go; said she wanted to go where Oliver and her baby were. * * * She died on the 2d of March, and was buried on the 4th. We all feel deeply her loss."

This is sad news, though not altogether sorrowful. When death comes as an angel of mercy, why should we mourn?

But Oliver's letters. The first, with a few immaterial omissions, is as follows:

"WEST ANDOVER, Ashtabula Co., Ohio,
"June 18th, '59.

"MY DEAR WIFE: I write to let you know that we have arrived here sound and well and in good spirits. We have met with great encouragement since we left home. We found John and his folks in good health. The frost has been much more severe here than at North Elba. Thousands of acres of wheat and rye are entirely ruined by it; the leaves on the maple and hickory trees are falling, as if it were fall. The season is much more forward here; haying has commenced, and the grass is very good.

"I send you a photograph of myself. Oh, Martha, I would give everything if I could have your picture. Do not fail of having it taken while I am gone, should you have an opportunity. You don't know how I *value* that lock of hair. There may yet be an opportunity to send a picture to me. I send you two dollars, which I *cannot* be satisfied to keep. I also send you a small book.

"Heaven bless you, my dear Martha. Your affectionate husband, OLIVER BROWN.

"P. S. I have concluded to send you another copy of my picture which is pasted upon a board and intended to be put into a frame for a wall picture. These two you will please keep, as I may want one some day to see how I looked when I was young. I would send more for the rest of the family, but have not the means, as thirty cents is all the cash I can command.

"I very much like the people here; they are a liberal-minded, whole-souled people. I am told that in no country in the world is there so great a proportion of 'infidels'; and also that it would be equally hard to find a country where there is so much comfort, thrift, intelligence, morality, and progressive and reform sentiment. I look upon the development of such a people as the most important and encouraging fact I know of. Much has the spirit of emigration done for all these Western States; it is the growing progressive spirit. He certainly must be a very shallow observer and superficial reasoner who is ever crying over the folly of those who would move to better their condition. It was just such folly-stricken people who have developed this whole western world, and are now knocking the scales from the eyes of the conservative blind.

"Again I am affectionately your husband,
"OLIVER BROWN."

Note the precocity of this letter. The writer is but twenty years of age; he is writing to his still younger bride; and what are his topics? The "growth" of the people; their "comfort, thrift, intelligence and morality." No wonder his mother said, as she once did to the writer of this, that "Oliver was in advance of his age."

The second letter exhibits the same characteristics. It is postmarked "Chambersburg," and, omitting a few passages too sacredly private for publication, is as follows:

"HOME, October 9, '59.

"MY DEAR MARTHA: Having opportunity to write you once more, I improve it with the greatest pleasure to myself and with the hope of pleasing you. I arrived here two days sooner than father and Watson. They have gone back once more. We are all well at present. You can hardly think how I want to see you or how lonesome I was the day I left you. That day I never shall forget. I passed some good resolutions on my way to New York. I mean to live up to them. Nothing else could strengthen me to do the right so much as the thought of you. It is when I look at your picture that I am wholly ashamed of my every meanness, weakness and folly. I would not part with that picture for anything on earth—but the original. I have made a morocco case for it, and carry it close around my body. I am more and more determined every day to live a more unselfish life.

"Now, Martha, you can hardly conceive my great anxiety about you in your present situation, and you will certainly allow me to suggest some ideas to you for your own good. Let me ask you to try to keep up good, cheerful spirits. Take plenty of sleep and rest; plenty of out-door exercise. Bathe often. And finally, do read good books, such as Parker's Sermons and Combe's Constitution of Man. These books will do much to keep you from being lonesome.

"Finally, Martha, do try to enjoy yourself. Make the most of everything.

"Remember your affectionate husband,
"OLIVER BROWN."

The remaining letters are from Watson Brown. I am indebted for copies of them to his widow, who, writing from North Elba under date of March 6th, says:

"I have at last copied for you, as I promised, the letters of my dear husband. I could not find time sooner, as we have had so much sickness. Dear sister Martha is taken from us, and we are left quite alone. It is very lonely here now without her. She was a dear good woman, and we shall miss her sadly."

The letters are three in number and are as follows:

"CHAMBERSBURG, Sept. 3d, 1859.

"DEAR BELL: You can guess how I long to see you only by knowing how you wish to see me. I think of you all day and dream of you at night. I would gladly come home and stay with you always, but for that which brought me here—a desire to do something for others, and not to live wholly for my own happiness. I am at home, 5 miles north of Harper's Ferry, in an old house on the Kennedy Farm, where we keep some of our things. Four of us sleep here. I came here to be alone. I was at Chambersburg a few days ago, and wrote you a few lines from there. I am beginning to look for a letter from you.——It is now dark, and I am all alone. But I have some good company; I have just received your letter of Aug. 30th, and you may as well think I am glad to hear from you. You may kiss the baby a good many times every day for me. I am thinking of you and him all the time. Tell Salmon that I know better how to pity him for having to stay at home than he does me for being away. Tell him to keep a stiff upper lip.

"Bell, nothing but the object before me could keep me from you. It is hard for you, no doubt, and I hope it will not last long; though I have no thought of backing out till I see the thing well a-going.

"Give my respects to all, and answer this as soon as you can, and tell me all the news.

"Yours forever, WATSON."

*Letter No. 2.*

"CHAMBERSBURG OR HARPER'S FERRY, Sept. 16th.

"DEAR WIFE: As I may not have an opportunity to write to you for some time, I improve this.

"I received your letter of Sept. 14th, the night the girls got home, which I was very glad to get. O, Bell, I do want to see you and the little fellow very much; but I must wait. There was a slave near here whose wife was sold off south the other day, and he was found in Thomas Kennedy's orchard, dead, the next morning. Cannot come home so long as such things are done here. We have only two black men with us as yet, but expect more. One of these has a wife and seven children in slavery. I sometimes feel as though I could not make this sacrifice, but what would I not want others to do, were I in their place? I find that always to live at home and among one's friends is never to know how much we love them. Keep up good courage, in spite of the cold weather; and keep the baby warm. Write often, as father directs; and I will do as well as I can about writing. It does me good to have you say you think of me, although I know it.

"Ever your husband, WATSON BROWN."

*Letter No. 3.*

"CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 14th, 1859.

"DEAR WIFE: I am again here, and have another opportunity to write. We are all well here and at home. We leave here this afternoon or to-morrow for the last time. You will probably hear from us very soon after getting this, if not before.

"The weather is very fine here. We had a slight frost last Monday and Tuesday nights. We have some addition to our family since the girls left. We are all eager for the work and confident of success. There was another murder committed near our place the other day, making in all five murders and one suicide, within five miles of our place, since we have lived there; they were all slaves too. Tell Salmon that we should be very glad of his company, but he must keep cool where he is, and be sure to write when he knows where to direct.

"O, Bell, I would give a good deal for your picture. If you have an opportunity to get it taken, I wish you would, and send it to me.

"Give my regards to all the friends, and keep up good courage; there is a better day a coming. I can but commend you to yourself and your friends if I should never see you again. From your affectionate husband,
"WATSON BROWN."

I have no space for comment; nor is any needed. These letters show not only the character of the individuals who wrote them, but that of the entire band of which they were specimens. Gentle and loving, but brave as lions—with hearts warm with all the domestic affections, but embracing in their scope every suffering human being—they constituted a group with scarcely a counterpart in history, and destined to a conspicuous place in the annals of these times. M.

### *NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.*

WE announce with much pleasure the issue of three new and valuable Anti-Slavery Tracts. They consist of the freshest and most interesting matter, and we invite to them the attention of all our readers. As they are to be sold at the simple cost (or less), we hope that orders for them will be numerous. The series is to be continued, from time to time. The three already published are as follows:

No. 1. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOVERNOR WISE AND MRS. MASON, OF VIRGINIA. 28 pp.

No. 2. VICTOR HUGO ON AMERICAN SLAVERY, with letters of other distinguished Europeans, viz., DE TOCQUEVILLE, MAZZINI, HUMBOLDT, LAFAYETTE, &c. 24 pp.

No. 3. AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL SLAVE INSURRECTIONS DURING THE LAST TWO CENTURIES. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 36 pp.

Price of the first two of the above, *five cents single*; 50 cts. the dozen; $3 50 *the hundred*. Of No. 3, *six cents single*; 60 *cts. the dozen*; $4 *the hundred*.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and No. 21 Cornhill, Boston.

☞ The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY has also just published, in a neat pamphlet form, the able and eloquent speech of THEODORE TILTON, Esq., of New York, in reply to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the American Board of Foreign Missions. Orders for these should be sent to the Society's Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. *Price three cents single*; $2 50 *per hundred*.

## Our European Correspondence.

### LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XXVI.

FEBRUARY 27th, 1860.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SIR: My last letter was scarcely posted when the tidings of Mrs. Follen's death arrived. To all her many friends in England the news was not the less sad for not being surprising. At her years, we knew we should not see her again; and I especially, who was intimate with her a quarter of a century ago, was aware that her course must be nearly run; but her fidelity and vigor in regard to the Anti-Slavery cause were so complete and so glowing that the sense of your loss is as vivid as if she had been in the prime of life. The event is the more touching as it revives the sense of our former loss, in the death of her husband. We still feel it an almost unendurable calamity—the loss of such a man, in such a way, at such a period of your country's history. The pair will henceforth be remembered together in the immortal sense in which patriots and confessors are remembered in the history of their country and time. Their fidelity and devotedness never were and never can be exceeded, on any occasion and in any cause. They did all that it was possible for them to do. They sacrificed whatever the cause required; and they would have sacrificed all, to their very lives, if so called upon by the duty to which they had dedicated themselves. There has been, as was natural, a strongly marked individuality in each prominent member of the abolition body, and in none more conspicuously than in the Follens. His thorough German cast of mind and manners and her American characteristics seemed to work together for the good of the cause, as for the happiness of their home; but those qualities were not the less distinctive for being harmonious. Of the many good men and true whom I saw staud up in the day of danger, to contend for the right and suffer wrong, no two resembled each other in their mode of asserting their common question, in public or in private; and no one of them will be remembered longer or more vividly than Dr. Follen, with his holy serenity and cheerfulness, his clear convictions, and earnest and simple way of presenting them, both to willing and unwilling hearers. Of course, there must have been a high spirit, under the severity, to sustain his unflinching perseverance; and that spirit came flashing out now and then with excellent effect as regarded insolent and cowardly foes. I am thinking at this moment particularly of the pleadings of the Abolitionists against Southern requisitions, in March, 1836, before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, when the Chairman of that Committee acted like no other public functionary whom I or perhaps any other English person of our century ever saw. I seem to hear again Dr. Follen's gentle and musical utterance, and to see his flushed face as one insolent interruption followed another; and I well remember the comfort of finding that he was amused in the midst of it all. When he was showing how mobs had come to pass, and was rudely desired to be respectful to the Committee, he archly inquired, "Am I, then, to understand that in speaking ill of mobs, I am disrespectful to the Committee?" and the delight of the audience at this question was the most signal of many mortifications which the day produced to the ruffian chairman. These are old stories—familiar for a quarter of a century; but they have a new spirit and meaning now that they have become sanctified as history by the death of more and more of those who spoke and wrought in the Cause. For all the rest of her long life, Mrs. Follen spoke and wrought unflinchingly, unremittingly, and with a steadiness of purpose and composed ardor of manner which testified to the depth and soundness of her convictions. Impetuous in character, and unreserved in the manifestation of her keen sensibilities, she was on this subject calm, patient, reasonable, as if her husband's spirit had passed into her. When some wondering pleasure was in those days expressed by some friend that she bore so cheerfully and patiently with ignorant gabble and saucy contradiction about some anti-slavery matter, she replied, "It is because I feel it so deeply that on this subject I am calm"; and this was precisely the truth. She brought her eloquence to the cause, because she brought to it all her gifts; but it never became of lower quality from its abundance, or from the stimulus which instigated it. It was always worthy of the great occasion—for she felt that every occasion of pleading such a cause was great. Dr. Follen saw by faith that the right would triumph: his wife lived to see the opening of more than one seal, and to obtain glimpses of the new earth that your country will be whenever slavery is abolished—a new earth wherein righteousness will dwell—or a state of morals righteous in comparison with what you have now. Those who survive to work out the change have sorely missed, and long will sorely miss, such fellow-workers as the Follens; but it will be forever a cause for joy and thankfulness that such comrades were in the midst of them, in the hardest days of the cause. I saw with pleasure the remarks made on the appearance of the name of William Lloyd Garrison, *junior*. It is a comfort to remember that you have also a Charles Follen, to sustain the tradition of the devotion of the Follens to freedom.

If Dr. Follen had lived till now, the state and prospects of Europe would have filled him with emotion. The demand for free institutions has become much more effectual since his day, and the opposing Princes are weaker. The Italians really are enough to incite all defrauded peoples to turn out their cheating rulers, and settle their own affairs. It is inconceivable now that anybody will venture to interfere with the self-governing States of North Italy; and Germany should naturally follow in the same course—of dismissing Princes who have broken their faith, and appointing new rulers. But the Germans are less practical than the Italians, and they have not suffered so intolerably from misgovernment, and there is always a doubt whether they will make the best use of their opportunities. Something prodigious must come out of the present suspense of Europe—a suspense again aggravated since I wrote last. Of course, the Bonaparte makes the suspense and the difficulty. He is again playing pantomime, and keeping all the world waiting for new transformations. War seems to be expected by Austrians, Piedmontese, Romans and French; but no one has any idea which of the parties are to be antagonists, or precisely what the fighting is to be for. The whole depends on what the Bonaparte will do about recognizing the independence of the Italian States. He seems to be somewhat turning against the Italians; but he may be merely creating suspense, in hope of some lucky accident to extricate him from the perplexities in which he has involved himself. The Pope will never yield; and the Emperor is reluctant to destroy him, in his capacity of sovereign, though he has quarrelled with the French clergy as desperately as he could do with such a purpose. The Pope and Austria are helpless and obstinate, and their people are determined to be otherwise governed. The question is whether the Bonaparte policy will be to invite the helpless despots down from their thrones, or to go and assist them to fetter their subjects, and tread upon them once more. There is talk of a Conference among the great Powers, to discuss the matter; but we shall believe it when we see it. The only certain things in the French scheme are that the outrageous demand of Savoy and Nice has been made, and the whole grace of the Italian war thus thrown away—the pirate *animus* showing itself through all the Emperor's professions of ideality and disinterestedness—and that the new commercial arrangements between England and France are secure—as far as any arrangements can be secure to which the Emperor is a party.

The success of our Ministerial policy, in and out of Parliament, is triumphant, as you will have seen. All is done that circumstances (that is, the ignorance of political economy in France) allow to expand the commercial connection of the two countries. The best statesmen and economists in France are in complete agreement with English opinion and sentiment on the whole matter; and we all know very well that if time is allowed for the people of France to realize the benefits now offered them, we shall hear no more of blustering colonels, and a rapacious soldiery, demanding to be led to the conquest of Albion, and the plunder of the Bank of England. The few blusterers will disappear behind the industrious classes, as soon as these last find the benefit of a good understanding with us. The fickle and intriguing character of the Emperor is a drawback on all intercourse with him; but it is no reason for refusing to two nations the blessing of a reciprocal commerce. After the first taste of that blessing, it will be impossible for any selfish parties to retract the arrangements; and a little further experience will make war equally out of the question. So we are all going to pay our tenpence income-tax with hearty good will—thankful not only for the particular benefits of the Budget, but for the proof that we are governed by statesmen worthy of the name and of the critical times in which they are acting.

In the midst of our satisfaction, we do lament—and especially your anti-slavery friends here—the inveterate tendency of your free States to a protective policy. I believe that such commerce as exists between your country and mine will obviate war, under any circumstances; but your welfare, and the peace of the world, would be incalculably increased by such a recourse to free trade as must abolish slavery, certainly and speedily. It may be a natural mistake for young nations to think protection necessary for more or fewer branches of industry; but older nations know that it *is* a mistake. We went through the regular retribution for it; the French have long suffered bitterly by it, in their liberties, their morality, their tempers and their fortunes; and now, when they are extricating themselves from the error and its consequences, you are as deep in it as ever, and are suffering your penalty in the form of Southern slavery, as well as in several minor ways. Excuse my plain speaking. We sympathize too warmly and deeply in your troubles as citizens of a slaveholding country, and in your efforts to get rid of the sin and sorrow, not to desire to see every method adopted for the restoration of liberty, and the salvation of industry.

We shall watch with keen interest the progress of affairs at Washington and in the States. We know nothing of the new Speaker but his address to his serenaders after his election; and I cannot say that it affords much hope of any sound patriotic action from him. If fairly reported, his speech holds out no better promise than that of Union-saving at all costs. If there is anything better in him, we shall soon see it, I suppose. But you do not, happily, look to competitive politicians for your national redemption, and are therefore among those who are called "blessed for expecting little, for they shall not be disappointed." H. M.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE,
New York, March 15, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: Would you do us the favor of helping our work in behalf of the homeless and destitute children of the city, by inserting the following appeal?

Respectfully, C. L. BRACE, Sec'y.

### HELP FOR POOR CHILDREN—CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

What right-feeling man is not eager to help poor, unbefriended children, and especially children who are trying to help themselves? The CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, as is well known, are seeking, by many ways, to clothe, shelter and instruct the poor little wanderers of our streets, and especially to give them good homes far away. They are certain that they accomplish this in the most economical way: their whole expenses amounting only to $12,210 for the past year. With this small sum, they have given employment and homes to (about *eight hundred*) poor and vagrant children, they have supported the NEWS BOYS' LODGING HOUSE with its 4,000 different homeless boys, sustained the School for ITALIAN *organ-grinders* with its 120 scholars, the BOYS' MEETING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL in Hammersley street, and have employed in the poor quarters of the city "VISITORS," for befriending and finding out destitute and homeless children, and for filling up the "INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS."

It is well known that this Society depends almost entirely on *individual contributions*, a large portion of which are unsolicited. It becomes necessary, therefore, every season to remind their friends and the public of their wants. The Trustees are the more impelled to this now, as, with the increasing solicitation for the children from the West, and the increasing numbers of houseless boys at the Lodging House, they find they have not the means for doing their work as thoroughly as it should be done. The Lodging House has only room for 70 beds, and sometimes, in a stormy night, 15 or 20 street boys more than can be accommodated must lie, in their dripping clothes, on the benches of the School-room. We need, too, better bathing arrangements, and more room for instruction and means of attraction to this industrious but hard-pressed class of lads. Our number of *Visitors*, too, ought to be increased, for upon their efforts depends the finding out and relieving of the miserable children of the poor wards of the city. We wish to employ, also, more Western agents, to look after the children already placed, and to place others in good homes.

Surely, there are thousands of warm-hearted men and women in this city, and every part of the country, who would gladly double or treble the amount of this work for outcast children by their contributions.

Each giver must remember that his donation goes directly to the charitable purposes of the Society.

A portion of the moneys sent will be appropriated (as may be designated) to the new LODGING HOUSE for these boys, and a portion to the work of finding street children and placing them in country homes.

The Trustees have never before asked the public for especial contributions without meeting a liberal response, and they do not fear to be disappointed now.

Donations can be sent to the President, J. L. MASON, 111 Broadway, or to the Treasurer, J. E. WILLIAMS, Metropolitan Bank, or to the Secretary, C. L. BRACE, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

TIMELY PETITION.—In the U. S. Senate on Monday Mr. Sumner presented the memorial of Samuel May, a distinguished and venerable merchant of Boston, and four hundred other citizens of that city, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the prohibition of the inter-State slave trade, and the passage of a resolution pledging Congress against the admission of any new slave State into the Union, or the acquisition of any slave territory, or the employment of slaves by any agent, contractor, officer or department of the federal government. He moved its reference to the Judiciary Committee, but a motion of Jefferson Davis to lay it on the table was carried, 30 to 17.

FREE SUFFRAGE.—The amendment to the Constitution of the State of New York, extending the right of Suffrage to colored men without any property qualification, passed the Senate on Friday by a vote of 26 to 9—two Republicans in the negative—one, Mr. Robertson, from Westchester County, and one, Mr. Fiero, from Greene. It had already passed the Assembly. All that is now wanting to give it effect is the affirmative vote of the people.

DR. JOHN S. ROCK will deliver his lecture on "Woman the Intellectual Equal of Man, as illustrated in the Character and Writings of Madame de Staël," before the members of the Legislature in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives this (Friday) evening at 7½ o'clock.

### *OBITUARY.*

DEATH OF LITTLE ANNIE DOUGLASS.

DIED, in Rochester, on Tuesday morning, March 13th, of congestion of the brain, ANNIE, youngest child of Frederick and Anna Douglass, aged 10 years, 11 months and 21 days, after an illness of nearly three months.

It is not often we record a death more afflicting in its circumstances than was this. Annie was a child of great promise—the darling of the mother, the pet of the father, dearly loved by sister and brothers. She was sadly distressed by the dreadful termination of the "Harper's Ferry Tragedy," and feared greatly for the safety of her father. Naturally of an excitable temperament, and very ardent in her attachments, we are not sure that the excitement produced by the hurried departure of the father, and the continued anxiety of the family, had not much to do with her death. The disease was one of the brain, and baffled the skill of physician and friends. Very sincerely do we sympathize with the heart-broken mother, the weeping sister and brothers. We know how hard it is to give to the cruel arms of death our loved and cherished ones; we know how vainly the heart turns for comfort in its first sad hours of sorrow. We can realize also with what a crushing weight this news of the loss of his darling child will fall upon the father; how gladly would we soften the blow—but it cannot be. We must all bear our own griefs alone, however great, as all must alone pass into the unseen and untried future.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper.*

## Summary.

The famous yacht Wanderer, which sailed from Boston on the 3d, has been surrendered to her owner, Mr. Lamar, of Savannah, under a bond of $5,000, to abide by the decision of the Court in her case, which is soon to be tried.

SEWING MACHINES EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.—An act exempting from attachment one sewing machine, of a value not exceeding $100, in actual use by the debtor or the family of the debtor, has passed both branches of the Legislature and received the approval of the Governor of Massachusetts.

Six valuable negroes, belonging to a Mr. Glover, near Edgefield, S. C., were lately drowned by a boat sinking. "The property," says the *Advertiser*, "was valued at near eight thousand dollars. In common with Mr. Glover's numerous friends, we heartily sympathize with him in his heavy misfortune."

THE MILITIA LAW.—The amendment to the Militia Law of Massachusetts, striking out therefrom the invidious, unconstitutional and absurd word "WHITE," which passed the Senate, last week, by a very large majority, was adopted by the House of Representatives, on Tuesday, on the passage of the bill to its third reading, by a vote of 105 to 97.—*Liberator.*

NEGRO-STEALING.—Joseph and George Cannon, Elisha Collins, James W. Messick, and two others, recently stole a negro man and sold him out of the State. On Friday last writs were issued for their arrest, but all but one succeeded in escaping. Messick was arrested and gave bail in $1,000, but afterwards absconded. Joseph Cannon is the only one that has not left, and he is at liberty upon bail. Negro-stealing and selling out of the State contrary to law is said to be carried on extensively in Sussex; and one man residing at Seaford, it is said, has made a large amount of money at the business. The Grand Jury should attend to him.—*Milford (Del.) News and Advertiser.*

WHERE DOES WENDELL PHILLIPS LIVE?—The following conversation occurred at one of our first-class hotels last night:

First stranger—Are you going to hear Wendell Phillips?

Second stranger—No; Wendell Phillips lives in Utopia.

Maine Yankee (earnestly)—Ye don't say! I thought he lived in Boston.

The late Legislature of Mississippi raised the taxes to seventy-five cents on each negro, instead of forty as heretofore; twenty cents on each $100 worth of land, instead of sixteen cents—thus doubling the tax on slaves, and increasing that on lands twenty-five per cent. With all this, it will be seen, however, that the taxation on "personal" is only one-half of that imposed on real estate, as the former will average $750 per head, while it requires four times as much legislation, both State and National.

PURCHASE OF THE VIRGINIA "PAN-HANDLE."—Resolutions have been introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature contemplating the purchase of that portion of Virginia known as the "Pan-Handle," which includes the city of Wheeling. It empowers the Governor to appoint three commissioners, to meet a similar number to be appointed on behalf of Virginia, to negotiate such cession. The Pennsylvania commissioners are to report the terms and conditions if any are agreed to, to the next sessions of the Legislatures of the two States.

"Occasional," writing from Washington to Forney's *Press*, says that a rumor, which he is disposed to believe after thorough inquiry, is in circulation there, to the effect that the Administration has advised and will support the secession of the Southern delegates from the Charleston Convention should Douglas be nominated. A Cabinet Minister is said to have stated to a distinguished Northern Democrat, two or three days ago, that this scheme was arranged, and he did not hesitate to add that it was very far from improbable that the South would take possession of the Union Constitutional Convention, which is to assemble at Baltimore on the 9th of May, in order to array the Southern people against Douglas, should he succeed in overcoming his opponents at the National Convention. You need not be surprised if this project is carried out. That it is in contemplation I do not doubt.

FREE NEGROES IN CHARLESTON.—A recent letter from Charleston to the *Spirit of the Times* says:

"The most notable feature in the list of tax-payers of Charleston is the tax on property paid by 'free persons of color.' The number of colored persons taxed is 355, and of these 304 are owners of real estate, while 226 of them own real estate to the amount of 1 000 or more—some of them nearly $50,000 worth; the entire amount owned by the 226 above referred to amounts to $717 495! In addition to this, I may as well inform you that the 355 'persons of color' who are *free* own 277 slaves. There is one free 'gentleman of color' still residing, as we are informed, in Charleston, an owner of property, who is honored above any white citizen in the Union, in being exempt from taxation; he is the negro (then a slave) who gave the information that led to the discovery of the insurrection of 1822."

JOHN BROWN IN RUSSIA.—The *Northern Bee*, a paper published in despotic Russia, and edited, according to the popular belief, by a section of the Imperial police, has the following paragraph:

"In one of the American newspapers, an official defender of slavery, we find a long letter in answer to one of Victor Hugo, on the condemnation of John Brown. To this voice of the poet, imploring the justice of the United States in favor of the unfortunate; to these words of fire; this tribute paid to the memory of a defender of a sacred cause, a reply is made by a filibuster, one Gen. Henningsen, a zealous companion of Gen. Walker. Truly, he is a fit advocate of such a cause. The juxtaposition of these two names has a high moral and philosophical signification. When one of the greatest contemporaneous poets raises his voice in defence of human liberty, there starts up as his adversary a man who, in spite of every right and of every duty, invaded the territory of a people incapable of resistance—an adventurer who, in this age of civilization, recognizes only one principle, the right of the strongest."

THE MURDERER OF DR. KEITT HUNG.—We take the following from the Ocala (Fla.) *Companion* of the 28th ult.:

"The slave Lewis, mentioned in our last issue as having been proved guilty of aiding in the murder of his master, Dr. J. W. Keitt, on the 19th ult., was further examined on Wednesday last, and, the most positive testimony of his guilt being adduced, he was immediately sentenced and hung. He confessed his guilt, but refused to make any statement implicating others, though it was evident that he had not performed the diabolical act alone. He expressed no sorrow for having committed the awful crime, and viewed the preparations for his execution with stolid indifference. He was tried by a committee, consisting of twelve freeholders, appointed for that purpose by a large meeting of the citizens of this county, held on that day. The trial was conducted with great care, at the place where the murder was committed. Two others were committed to jail."

THE ACT FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE PROPERTY RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN, which has passed both branches of our Legislature, and now lacks only the approval of the Governor to become a law, is the most comprehensive and thorough measure of the kind ever passed by a legislative body. We do not see that, though less would have been inadequate, more could reasonably be desired, so far as property is concerned. The act will enable five thousand women in our State to earn and save, and live on their own resources, who are now living on sufrance, and whose furniture, and even clothing, in the case of each, belongs to a reprobate or drunkard who first deceived, then deserted her, leaving her to toil in penury for a bare subsistence, liable at any moment to be stripped of her all, by the brute who has made her life wretched. We wish the act had said expressly that a widowed mother shall not be deprived of her own children by her husband's will, but shall be their guardian whenever the proper authority does not appoint another; but the act is so good that we can hardly speak of this as a fault. Let us rejoice that, in spite of all discouraging appearances, the world *does* move.—*Tribune.*

HEAVY FORGERY—A SLAVE DEALER ARRESTED IN BALTIMORE.—On Saturday morning last a man named W. K. Bagby was arrested in Baltimore upon the charge of forgery, committed in Savannah, Ga. It appeared that a short time ago the party made his appearance at Savannah, and exhibited letters of introduction to the heads of several respectable business houses, all of which purported to be from Hon. W. L. Yancy, of Alabama, recommending the bearer as a man of means and worthy of credit. He stated that he was a dealer in slaves, and in the transaction of business at Montgomery he had come into possession of drafts to a large amount from planters on their factors at Mobile, which bore apparent acceptances. All of those to whom he presented letters of introduction were directors in one or other of the banks in Savannah; and after a few days, an effort was made to get his drafts discounted at the Bank of Commerce and Bank of Savannah, but without success. He next presented them at the State Bank, where he obtained $21,000. Having suddenly left Savannah, an inquiry was made, which discovered that all the drafts were forgeries. He was followed by telegraph, and as soon as a requisition can be brought on he will be remanded for trial.—*Baltimore Sun.*

SOUTHERN BAPTISTS ON SPURGEON.—The manly position taken by this distinguished divine on the subject of American slavery has made the Southern denominational press rampant. We have published the letter of Mr. Spurgeon, and will give a few specimens of the pious "wrath and cabbage" it has called forth. *The Southern Baptist* says:

"If the editors of *The Watchman and Reflector* had any agency in procuring from Mr. S. such a letter, they are no better than he, and they all deserve the fate of Brown."

While some Southern booksellers have returned upon the hands of the publishers packages of Spurgeon's sermons which they had ordered prior to the proclamation of his abolition sentiments, others have taken a more emphatic mode of expressing their dislike.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* of Jan. 17th has the following curious item:

"SPURGEON'S SERMONS—A BONFIRE.—A gentleman of this city requests us to invite, and we do hereby invite, all persons in Montgomery who possess copies of the sermons of the notorious English Abolitionist, Spurgeon, to send them to the jail yard, to be burned on next Friday (this day week). A subscription is also on foot to buy of our booksellers all copies of said sermons now in their stores, to be burned on the same occasion.

"Does anybody say nay?"

The same journal of Tuesday last says:

"Last Saturday we devoted to the flames a large number of Spurgeon's Sermons, and the pile was graced at the top with a copy of 'Graves's Great Iron Wheel,' which a Baptist friend presented for the purpose. We trust that the works of the greasy cockney vociferator may receive the same treatment throughout the South. And if the Pharisaical author should ever show himself in these parts, we trust that a stout cord may speedily find its way round his eloquent throat. He has proved himself a dirty, low-bred slanderer, and ought to be treated accordingly."

LITERATURE IN LEECHVILLE.—Somewhere down in the tar and rosin State is a shambling sort of a hamlet called Leechville. They have a Post-office in Leechville. The man who overhauls the mails at this out-of-the-way spot is one Augustus Latham. From the Blue Book, it appears that the annual receipts of this post-office are thirty-one dollars, hereof Latham pockets twenty-one for his salary, leaving ten to replenish the Federal Treasury, which probably pays some Democratic contractor a hundred dollars per annum for going off the main road in search of Leechville, and stopping long enough for the contractor's horse to catch breath, and the contractor's driver to imbibe a draught of whiskey, while Latham peers into the half-dozen letters and newspapers, more or less, in the mail-bag. One would suppose that the arrival, in this desolate locality, of a half-dozen speeches, bearing the frank of some U. S. Senator, would be hailed as a godsend, even if only for the novelty

# Miscellaneous Department.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

DEAR SIR: The following stanzas were written by Miss KATE ATKINS, a member of the M. E. Church in this place, after hearing Mr. Phillips deliver his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture. If you think they possess merit, you may insert them in your paper.

J. D. LONG.

Auburn, N. Y., March 14th, 1860.

## TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

COME, with thy matchless eloquence,
That calls high thoughts to birth,
Lifts all heart floodgates, till the waves
Of feeling murmur forth;
Touches all hearts with living coals,
From Freedom's altar brought,
Till all the mighty, listening throng
In one wild flame is caught!

Till each glad soul feels strong to walk
In Duty's narrow path,
To Dungeon, Scaffold, Stake, or Cross,
Thro' seas of Tyrants' wrath,
And, lifting up the eagle-eye,
Fearless, and clear, and bright,
Sees Truth's straight path o'erarched and spanned
With curves of rainbow light!

Who stands on Truth's enduring rock,
Though round him wildly beat
The upsurging waves, where angry foam
And liquid darkness meet,
Hath he thy peerless gift, 'twill be,
Despite the Tyrants' arts,
The Archimedean lever, which
Shall move a world—of Hearts!

Such magic power hath eloquence,
And eloquence is thine,
And thou hast laid the priceless gift
On FREEDOM'S holy shrine:
For this the blessing, heaven-invoked,
Of the Oppressed and Poor,
Whose galling chains thou seek'st to break,
Goes with thee evermore!

Oh! could the world have heard thee when,
Beside the martyred brave,
Thy soul found utterance, above
North Elba's hallowed grave!
But oh! those patriot mourners' hearts
In friendship round thee clung,
While fell the saddest, holiest tears
From freemen's bosoms wrung!

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

### CHAP. XXXII.

MADGE began to regain her old habits. She went, as of old, to the quarter to talk with the slaves. Of sunny afternoons, when returned from her ride, she read to Uncle Peter, and ate Aunt Polly's cake; scampered about with Rover; rambled through the poultry yard; and sometimes, with her shot-pouch slung across her shoulder and gun in hand, she went out hunting, always accompanied by Pomp and Rover. Mr. Butler found her a most enchanting companion, one who, from her free habits, made no demand upon his time. When she went, in the evenings, into the parlor, on the verandah, or to the tea-table, she always had some interesting exploit, wild adventure or mad prank with which to amuse him. Then, too, he loved to follow, unobserved by her, when she went to the quarter; and sometimes he listened to her conversation with the slaves, and his heart bounded with delight when he saw the reverent affection with which those poor creatures regarded her, and the little delicate attentions with which they sought to honor her. One would bring her flowers, another fruit, a third cool water; they hung round her, listened with admiring attention to every word she uttered, and rushed with delight to obey her slightest command.

"See," said Mr. Butler, "how the humble and lowly revere her. I have found and won an angel."

As they rode together through the woods or strolled about on moonlit evenings, he began to learn more of her character and disposition, and to appreciate her. Little traits which, from their imperfect association, had been hidden from him, now shone out only to attract and fascinate the more deeply from their partial eclipse.

"Madge," said he one day, as they were rambling through the woods, "give me your hand. What! you will not? How froward and wilful! Ah, there, now, that is sweet and confiding; and as I hold it thus between my palms, let me tell you how constantly you are surprising and pleasing me by some new revelation of your nature."

"Come, now, Mr. Butler," she answered, as she gave him an arch glance from under her broad straw hat, "don't try to flatter me; it doesn't come well from you, and reminds me too strongly of those Macassar-beads I met in New Orleans. They could never speak without a compliment."

"Yes, but you will, darling, let my heart talk to you sometimes, will you not?"

"No, not if your heart says such foolish things."

"You are a little tyrant in your way," he said, as he lightly pressed her hand.

"Oh, pray don't do that, Mr. Butler; you pressed this ring into my finger until it pained me dreadfully."

He laughed heartily, saying,

"Ah, Madge, you are all yourself, entirely *sui generis*. Where else can you find me the young lady who, when her lover, in the enthusiasm of the moment, clasps her hand, would cry out against the pain? 'Tis very funny; but come, darling, don't blush so deeply; I only admire your candor and simplicity, and love you the more. Don't try to be other than you are; the least touch of art would spoil nature's admirable and simple plan."

As if to please him and show her gratitude for his flattering appreciation, she passed her hand lightly through his arm, and looked kindly, lovingly up into his face. Ah, be—hard, stern man as he had been, dry old thinker, searcher after wisdom, companion of musty tomes—was now *young* in feeling again, and happy, as he gazed down into the clear depths of those young eyes, and saw his own image reflected in the heart below!

Days and weeks flew on as if by magic; the glorious summer was waning fast; the rich, golden harvest, with its full and plenteous moon, its soft, warm airs, the pleasant songs of the reapers, and the merry-makings of the negroes, had come and gone, and September, with its hazy sunshine and its warm, delicious atmosphere, was upon us. Madge fairly lived in the woods, and Mr. Butler was her constant companion. The very birds seemed to know and greet her with their loveliest songs.

"Ah," said Mr. Butler to her one day, as they sat together in a prettily secluded beechen grove, "I shall often think of these dear American birds when I am in old merry England, and most of all" (he placed his hand upon her head) "I shall sigh for the music of my bird Madge,

"My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye,"

and he gently laid his hand upon her bright-brown curls, upon which the sunlight, softened by the shadow of the grove, fell with a dim splendor, like a faint aureola; nor was he surprised to see a moisture upon her drooping eyelashes, for he was aware of a certain tender sadness in his tone, which would, of course, affect such a gentle heart as hers. There was a winning grace in her low reply:

"You will come back to us—come back to these American birds and flowers?—to find, I trust, the bird whom you have loved and petted, grown softer and more docile. Then you shall not have such difficulty in training her; she will fly into that pretty cage you have prepared for her, and perch upon the highest seat."

Then, as if ashamed of her boldness, she hid her crimson face in her hands, while he poured out a volley of love-expressions, which we cannot take the liberty of repeating.

Mrs. Vertner was delighted with the engagement. Mr. Butler had always been a favorite with her, and we will whisper, *sub rosa*, that she was not sorry at the prospect of having Madge married. True it is that she felt herself disappointed in her child; and seeing that she had no power to change her, she found her heart closed against her; though to Mrs. Vertner's credit we will say that she struggled hard against this state of feeling. Col. Vertner, however, protested against a speedy marriage; he declared that Madge was too young to think of marriage yet awhile. He had no possible objection to Mr. Butler; indeed, he was the very man of his own choice and election; but the engagement *must* be for three years. "What," he would half angrily exclaim, "give up my child now—let her go off to England, resign her, just when she is most necessary to me? No! no! I am too selfish for that."

"I shall not leave you, dear papa," exclaimed Madge, "if you feel thus. Who will you have to love you, to cheer you when I am gone? I will stay here as long as you wish."

In vain were Mr. Butler's pleadings and Mrs. Vertner's remonstrance. Col. Vertner remained firm, and Madge determined to obey him. The bond of affection between her and her father was not the least weakened by the new relation into which she had entered.

"But," said Mrs. Vertner to her husband, "if Madge marries, it may have a good effect upon her; it will, perhaps, sober her down and make a woman of her. I think your partiality blinds you, Col. Vertner, to her very obvious faults. 'Tis useless for me to call your attention to her utter want of manners and social polish. Madame La V—— of New Orleans said that she really pitied me; and many other ladies of the highest society commented upon Madge's rudeness and want of manners. Indeed, the girl was a constant source of mortification to me last winter. Why, Madame La V—— told me that she actually saw Madge playing with Gen. H——'s dogs and sitting on the floor in the hall of the St. Charles, dressing a doll for some child. I could scarcely believe it, though I don't see why, for that girl does the most outrageous things; and when I questioned her about it, she replied, in her usually impertinent way, 'Well, what is the odds?' I can't see how that girl can be my child. And you, Col. Vertner, never sympathize in my mortification."

The cloud upon her husband's brow deepened, despite the lame attempt he made at a smile, when he said,

"Ah, well, never mind! she is *my* child, and I both love and am proud of her. Her future husband does not seem to share in your disgust; he is almost as proud of her as I am—but hush! here she comes, with a face as fresh and lovely as May roses."

Madge sprang upon her father's knee, and, kissing him on either cheek, exclaimed,

"Only see Rover! Down, sir, down; you don't expect papa will let you get upon his other knee, sir; but it would be funny. May he, papa?"

"Certainly, dear."

"Up, Rover, up, sir, to the seat of honorable affection," and she patted her father's other knee. The dog sprang to the appointed place, and sat bolt upright, just opposite Madge, with his face almost touching hers.

"Isn't it funny, papa?"

"Ridiculous," exclaimed Mrs. Vertner, as she quitted the room in evident disgust.

"Now, papa," continued Madge, "you can't imagine what a fine race Rove and I have had all round, up and down the quarter, and across the lawn."

"Tell me all about it."

"First, we went to Aunt Polly's cabin to carry her a little roll of tea and sugar, which she sent to me for yesterday; she is not well; and Uncle Peter complains of the rheumatism, so I took him a little smoking tobacco, of a quality superior to what he generally uses, also a small bottle of camphor. Well, the old folks were delighted to see me. How very grateful slaves are. Did you ever remark it?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought both of them would have devoured me with compliments and attentions; though Uncle Peter is half lame, he hobbled up from his seat and brought me out the best chair in the cabin, after first dusting it off with his coat-sleeve, and, as usual, he called me his white-robed angel. It touches my heart to be enthusiastically loved by these poor, sincere hearted creatures; they win me by their artless intensity. But I am forgetting: after that visit Rover and I took a regular scamper, sometimes he distancing me, and then I gaining upon him, passing and almost reaching the goal first, in spite of his four legs. I sprang over that side fence; if it had not been for my flowing skirt, I could have accomplished it with great dexterity. How often I wished for those 'kirtles short' which I wore at the Mammoth Cave"

"What of the Mammoth Cave?" asked Mr. Butler, in a cheery tone, as he entered, pausing in the door way, where a broad patch of quivering sunlight lay, gilding and sparkling all around.

Madge laughingly sprang off her father's knee, and half ran toward Mr. Butler, when suddenly, recollecting herself, she paused and stood blushingly gazing down upon the carpet. As Mr. Butler smilingly approached, and took her hand within his, he said,

"Apropos of the Mammoth Cave, I have just had a letter from an English friend of mine, who has crossed the Atlantic solely to visit America's two greatest curiosities—Niagara and the great Kentucky Cave. The former he saw and admired, and is now sojourning at the Cave, more deeply charmed with its wild and terrible beauty than he was with the softer glory of the great Fall. He, like ourselves, became much interested in Stephen; and now he writes me, in the saddest spirit, of the death of that most extraordinary person."

"Dead!" exclaimed Madge; "Stephen dead?"

"Yes."

"And his freedom not won?"

"I will, with your permission, read you what my friend writes." Mr. Butler glanced toward Col. Vertner.

"Certainly, sir," he replied; "I shall be happy to hear what your friend says."

"Do read at once," exclaimed Madge, in one of those quick, staccato tones which sometimes annoyed Mr. Butler's slower temperament, and for which he often reproved her, both by word and look. This time, however, he said nothing, but began reading, in a quick tone, the following letter:

"DEAR BUTLER: Though the season is fast waning, I am still lingering here, enjoying the 'dolce far niente' which this sweet September atmosphere seems to engender. This Cave is indeed a sort of enchanted spot, and I can almost fancy there is some unseen Egeria, who holds us here in spite of ourselves. Four other young men, like myself, are too much bewitched to get away, though they assure me that business is calling them hence. I have been off on a four days' jaunt since I last wrote you; went to Harrodsburg. What a lovely and cultivated spot, to be sure! Rambling through that extensive and well-kept park, one would imagine he was walking over the finest manorial grounds of our own merry, happy England! Then, too, I passed down the Kentucky river to where it empties into the Ohio. It is a stream of the wildest and most poetic beauty. I am surprised that one does not read more of it in books of travels; tourists cannot know of its wonderful attractiveness; it is a sort of Rhine of the wilderness, without a singer to bring it into fame. I drove also to a queer place, known about here as the 'Devil's Hollow,' which is one of the most curiously beautiful spots I ever remember to have seen. I enjoy Kentucky more than any of the States I have yet visited; the people are all warm-hearted, cordial and hospitable, with a sort of downrightness of assertion, and outrightness of action, which, though new, are perfectly 'taking' to me.

"That poor guide, Stephen, who always remembered you with so much grateful pleasure, has at last died. I was with him when he drew his last breath. They say he killed himself by over-drinking and dissipation, but I, who looked deeper into his nature than the mere surface, say, beyond doubt, he died of a broken spirit. With the most extraordinary talents, a wild ambition, love of personal independence, and fineness of soul, he was yet held back from any attempt to escape by a sort of notion, which assumed all the austerity of duty, that he was bound to pay the *thing* who called himself his master—a drivelling old, double-pointed Shylock—the extortionate sum he demanded. Though I condemned this feeling in Stephen, I could not speak against it, because, unconsciously, I had a respect for it. But when day by day I saw this fine-souled creature dying fast—when I watched him curb the angry flash of his eye, and rein down his mettlesome spirit—when I saw how he was spurred onward to a true sense of manhood, yet held back by a false notion, I could but curse this hellish slave system, that cost him so many throes of anguish and *manly* impatience. It drove him to drink, for in the cup he found slight relief from the wearing torture of his life. Toward the close he talked more freely with me; and in those final moments I learned, what I had often feared, that his burden had been indeed too heavy, and his yoke too oppressive. Just before his death, taking my hand within his and kindly thanking me for the few little services I had rendered him, he said, with an expression of face which I shall bear with me to the grave, 'I am going, sir, to a land where my freedom will be secure—a land fairer than Canada—God's own Canaan, the black man's only safe home. I shan't want any free papers there, for I am written down in the Lamb's Book of Life, a man and not a slave.' Then, throwing out his arms with one of those graceful motions for which you know he was so remarkable, he exclaimed, with a passionate fervor, while his eye glowed and nostril dilated, 'The strength has gone from my arm; the blood trickles slowly and does not leap as it used to through these almost dried veins. My limbs have lost their power; my heart will soon be still, my life over; but my love for freedom will live when my body shall be stark and cold.' This struck sadly upon me, Butler, and put me to thinking more than I had ever done, upon the nature of this domestic institution. You know, at home I used to laugh at the Abolitionists and condemn them as a weak-minded, intermeddling set, who went too far from home with their philanthropy. After this, I shall not refuse them the helping hand. One needs to see slavery, to properly hate it."

Folding up the letter, Mr. Butler said,

"There are only a few other allusions, of a purely personal nature, in which you will not be interested."

"Your friend," observed Col. Vertner, "should not have passed sentence upon our domestic institution from its fatal influence upon one, and an exceptional character at that. I grant you, Stephen should not have been a slave; there was too large an infusion of Caucasian blood in his veins. He was a most remarkable person; and it pained me to see him in slavery. Your friend, however, should go more among our people, and watch the practical bearings of this peculiar system of domestic servitude, before he joins that Quixotic tribe of Abolitionists who don't know what or who they are fighting against."

While Mr. Butler was reading the letter, Madge, who was deeply interested in it, crept up softly to his side and leant over toward him, until her long brown curls swept his arm. She formed a very pretty picture indeed, with her head bent forward and face slightly upturned, while the eyes shone forth with a sort of dreamy, lambent earnestness, with lips slightly parted, through which the breath came in quick, gusty sighs.

"But, papa," she inquired, as Col. Vertner paused, "did you not say, the other day, that when we were better, when people—the voters I mean—grew more informed, more virtuous and God-fearing, Mr. Seward would be elected to the Presidency? And is he not an Abolitionist?"

"Not exactly an Abolitionist, my dear, but he is opposed to carrying slaves into our new territories; he does not wish the area of slave ground extended, though he has not eaten of that insane root which turns the brain, and makes a man believe that a negro stands on equal ground with a white man."

"Do you think amalgamation a great wrong to the race?" Mr. Butler naively inquired.

Col. Vertner looked a little uneasy, turned a half shade paler, knit his brows and bit his lip. Mr. Butler was mortified, and stood rebuked—believing that Col. Vertner thought such a question too indecorous to be proposed in the presence of his daughter; so he half blushingly said,

"I beg pardon; Madge is so child-like, and bird-like, that I often forget she is a lady."

Col. Vertner bowed complacently, and the cloud faded quickly from his face as he said,

"Madge, my daughter, haven't you some little household duty to attend to? how is it with Rover and your pets in the quarter?"

"Now, papa, I am not going away; I want to hear you and Mr. Butler talk about amalgamation. What does it mean?"

"Madge, don't let me have to ask you to go out again."

"But, papa, I wish to stay and listen to the conversation; why should I always be sent off just as if I were a child? Now, amalgamation, according to the dictionary, means 'to unite metals.' As you and Mr. Butler apply it, I suppose it means the union of two races, the intermarriage of the negro with the white. Of course that is never done; and yet it does not seem so strange and out of the way, particularly to me, who was nursed by a mulatto woman." Her father looked so utterly worried that Madge felt a saucy pleasure in continuing the conversation. "Now, Mr. Butler, she archly asked, "would you marry a pretty quadroon, an octoroon, or one who had a wee drop, a sprinkling of black blood in her veins? Suppose she was handsome, cultivated, well-bred and refined. Answer me sincerely, frankly."

"The argument, my dear, must be met upon higher ground than that of intermarriage; and yet, since you put the question so directly, I will answer you freely and without reserve. For myself, I have been now so long in America, and so long seen the negro in his degraded and servile state, that almost unconsciously I have imbibed the prevailing prejudice against his race, and am sure I could never be willing to marry a girl with negro blood in her veins; but this does not make it right; it is all a matter of taste."

Col. Vertner strode uneasily up and down the floor, every now and then passing his hand rapidly through his hair, and nervously twitching his under lip.

"You agree with him, papa," exclaimed Madge, "do you not?"

"Of course, of course," he quickly answered; "but, sir" (turning to Mr. Butler), "the negro blood sometimes so finely and cunningly intermingles with the Caucasian that it is difficult for the most acute ethnologist to detect it; indeed, this conjuncture of opposite blood sometimes so harmonizes, as to produce the finest order of female beauty. Go to the coffles, the trading-places, those heart-sickening bazaars of New Orleans, and look on those octoroon girls there daily exhibited, and tell me if Circassia itself can match such beauty; aye, sir, that eighth drop of yellow blood, like a grain of fine gold, seems to gild and make the woman's face more lovely."

His manner had become very much excited, and his feet seemed to plough the floor, as he strode back and forward.

"Papa, papa," exclaimed Madge, springing forward and seizing him by the arm, "what has excited you so? I never heard you speak thus of the negro, and yet I believe what you say; for I saw octoroon and quadroon girls in Orleans, last winter, whose beauty I coveted; and even that poor mulatto woman, Rachel, was as handsome as any one I ever saw; poor creature! Papa, do you remember her appearance at the post?"

"Yes, child; yes," he replied in a low tone; "but never mind about that."

Passing his hand across his brow, he wiped away the large drops of perspiration which had gathered there. Madge still hung fondly on his arm, gazing up into his face with the utmost tenderness and affection. Mr. Butler had not been an unmoved witness of this scene. "Oh," he thought, "Col. Vertner's conscience is not easy on this matter; he begins to see the danger of this blending of races; because, when the white man's eye once becomes fascinated with the beauty of the slave girl, crime and ruin follow." Rousing himself from these reflections, he addressed Col. Vertner in a very placid tone, saying, "Well, sir, seeing, as you must, the enormity and infinity of moral consequence which results from this illicit union of races, may I ask what remedy you propose? For my own part, I should advise that the children and the mother in such cases, be allowed by law to assume the condition of the father."

"Yes, yes," said Col. Vertner, "that would be well, but hardly practicable. I confess I have always disliked to see *white* blood on the auction block or in the coffle."

"I don't like to see *black* there either," said Madge.

"My dear," replied Col. Vertner ——

The conversation was here broken in upon by Pomp rushing in, exclaiming, "Miss Madge, Miss Mason's Andrew is out here at the avenue gate, with the carriage; says Mrs. Mason has sent for you, kase Miss Helen is sick, and fit to die."

"Then I will go to her at once," exclaimed Madge, and left the room in great haste.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## LITTLE CHILDREN.

THANK God for little children!
Bright flowers by earth's wayside,
The dancing, joyous lifeboats
Upon life's stormy tide.

Thank God for little children!
When our skies are cold and gray,
They come as sunshine to our hearts,
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's garden fair,
Drop down the sweet wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Bringa a message from the skies!

The humblest home, with children,
Is rich in precious gems
That shame the wealth of monarchs
And pale their diadems.

Dear mothers, guard these jewels
As sacred offerings meet,
A wealth of household treasures,
To lay at Jesus' feet.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

## EDWARD RAWSON AND HIS BIBLE.

MR. REUBEN RAWSON DODGE, of Sutton, has in his possession the family Bible of Edward Rawson, who was many years secretary of the colony of Massachusetts, and from whom he is a descendant. It is in folio, but the title-page and the books of Genesis and Exodus are wanting. It is of the Geneva version, translated and published by the English reformers who fled to that city during the persecutions in Queen Mary's time, and which was the favorite version of the Puritans long after the translation made by order of King James was published. It is the same which goes by the name of the "Breeches Bible," so called from the peculiar rendering of Genesis 3: 7—"They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches." Mr. George Livermore, a very competent judge, believes it to have been printed as early as 1620, or before. It contains a record of the birth of Edward Rawson, "who was born in old England in the year 1615, and departed this life August the 27th day, in the year of our Lord 1693, in New England, aged 78 years," with that of many of his descendants, and contains the following testimonial, in the handwriting of Edward Tyng, one of the assistants and counsellors of the colony: "This is to certify all whomsoever this may concern, that on the 31st day of July, 1673, on a certificate I received that William Rawson and Ann Glover, ye daughter of the late Mr. Nathaniel Glover, had been duly and legally published, I joined them in marriage at the house and in the presence of Mr. Habakkuk Glover, his wife, and Mr. Edward Rawson, father to the said William Rawson, and other friends, as witness my hand, this 31st July, 1673. Pr Edward Tyng, asst."

A brother of William was the well-known co laborer with Eliot in instructing the Indians—Grindall Rawson. He was minister of Mendon, in this county, and his granite tomb is still standing in the old burying ground. His death was thus announced in *The Newsletter*: "Mendon, Feb. 7, 1714–15. Yesterday died here the Reverend Mr. Grindall Rawson, much lamented not only by the English but by the Indians also, to whom he preached in their own language, which he well understood. He was a very valuable man, had his name given him for the sake of the amiable archbishop Grindall, most primitive in all his conversation, to whom his father, Mr. Secretary Rawson, was related."

Mr. Dodge has also in his possession an original portrait of Rebecca, the daughter of the Secretary, whose history is of a highly romantic character, and is best related by the Rev. Mr. Banvard, in a small volume entitled "Plymouth and the Pilgrims." This young lady was wooed and won under false pretences, by a bold and successful adventurer, who came to New England about 1678, representing himself to be the son of Sir Thomas Hall, and by his gentlemanly deportment was admitted to the best society in Boston. That he enjoyed the confidence of others as well as Miss Rawson is evident from the fact, not mentioned by Mr. Banvard, that the shrewd and sagacious financier, John Hull, the treasurer and mint-master of the colony, advanced him £250, as he says, "in silver money every shilling," on bills drawn on Sarah, Viscountess Croydon, whom he found to be a myth, and Sir Thomas, "a very slippery fellow." Miss Rawson was married in 1679, and accompanied her husband to England, where, deserted by him and robbed of her property, of which he gained possession, she supported herself principally by her skill in needlework for thirteen years, when, leaving her child in the care of a sister who was settled in London, she embarked for Boston in a vessel owned by her uncle, which, entering on her passage a port in Jamaica, was lost, with all on board, in consequence of an earthquake which occurred June 9, 1692. Although the apparent date of this portrait is 1670, we cannot conceive of one so delicately executed by an artist of that time in Boston, but are inclined to believe its date should be read 1679, and that it was painted in England.

Mr. Dodge has deposited the Bible for a time in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, and proposes to leave the family portraits at the same place, subject to such future disposition as he may desire to make of them.—S. S.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

## SOMETHING ABOUT CLOCKS.

THE desire to know the time of day seems to be as inherent in human nature as the desire to know other people's business; and could the thing be done with equal facility, there is little doubt but that that large, benevolent and public-spirited class of individuals who take so much pleasure in regulating their neighbors' characters and affairs would find equal pleasure in regulating their clocks and watches; displaying the same praiseworthy ingenuity in finding a screw loose in the one as in the other. Consequently, we find that, in all ages and in all countries of the world, mankind has made persevering efforts to possess himself of something which should enable him to form some idea as to how "the enemy"—as old Father Time is profanely called—is progressing.

In these days, when electrical clocks in our large towns beat tick for tick with the great "regulator" at Greenwich—which is as much as to say that their unerring fingers keep pace second by second, minute by minute, hour by hour, with that mighty time-keeper, the earth, in its axial rotation—when every man prides himself upon his infallible "ticker," and when angry husbands from "the city," finding dinner fifteen minutes late, settle all disputes as to time by an appeal to their watches, "set that very day by the government time-ball in the Strand," we can form no conception of the troubles and perplexities of our forefathers in their crude attempts to "tell the creeping hours as they passed."

Ages probably before the invention of the sun-dial, as we now know it, its prototype, the gnomon, had been set up on the plains of the east by the primitive astronomers, the Chaldæan shepherds, who determined, with all the precision of which that first rude astronomical instrument was capable, the length of the day and of the year, and the position of the equinoxes and the solstices.

The first machines, however, for measuring time, of which we have any distinct and certain record, were the *clepsydras*, or water clocks. Of the precise form in which they were made, we are ignorant; but we know that they all depended upon one principle—namely, the dropping of water through an orifice of determinate size, the fall of water indicating the time which had elapsed. They must have been extremely imperfect, inasmuch as the rate at which the water dropped would be liable to constant variation from its constantly varying height and pressure. The clepsydra was most probably a Grecian invention, and was introduced into Rome during the consulship of Pompey. In the latter place, it was used in a manner which might not unfrequently have its advantage in our own day. It would appear that the orators in their courts of justice were limited to a certain time for the delivery of their addresses, which time was indicated by the clepsydra; hence the expression of Cicero, "latrare ad clepeydram"—a mode of literally throwing cold water upon a speaker which could not fail of being appreciated by the audience.

After the clepsydra came the hour-glass, a clumsy enough method of measuring time, which has, nevertheless, become the conventional symbol of its passing away.

Clocks, consisting of trains of wheels and weights, were probably not invented until the end of the twelfth century; they were almost invariably termed horologia. For a very long time, however, they continued very scarce, very expensive, and very imperfect, and were almost entirely confined to the monasteries and some few cathedrals. Why the monasteries should have had a monopoly of them, it is hard to say, unless, indeed, they used them in the same moralizing spirit as the philosophical individual encountered by the "melancholy Jaques" in the forest of Arden—and who is very unjustly designated a fool—who

Drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lacklustre eye,
Says, very wisely: "It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale!"

That these horologia, however, were used for other and more active purposes than pointing a moral upon the flight of time, we learn from a certain book called *Primaria Institula Canonicorum Præmonstratensium*, in which—if any of our readers are curious enough to consult it, which is hardly likely—they will find in the 909th page, and in the best monkish Latin, full directions to the sacristan to regulate the horologium, and make it strike before matins, to arouse the sleepy brothers to prayers. Strange to say, however, this horologium displayed wonderful alacrity in getting out of order, especially when the mornings were unusually cold, and the chapel unusually damp—cold and damp, it would appear, being inimical to the accurate performance of the horologium in those days. We read, however, of one enthusiastic monk, Peter Damiani by name, who had a method of measuring time peculiar to himself, for we are told that he "had a custom of singing to himself whenever he wished to have a notion as to the quantity of time; that whenever the brightness of the sun or the position of the stars was obscured by the weather, he might form a certain time-measurer by the quantity of psalmody he had accomplished."

Striking clocks must, we know, have been in use as early as the latter portion of the thirteenth century, for we find that Dante, who died in 1321, aged fifty-seven, makes allusion to them in his *Paradiso*. The earliest clock, of the construction of which we have positive information, was the great clock made for the palace of Charles V. in Paris, by De Vick, a German; the Germans, by the way, seeming to have taken kindly to clock-making from the earliest times. In Dover Castle there is one still in existence, bearing the date 1348, and which, therefore, in point of antiquity, takes precedence of the more celebrated clock of De Vick. According to Blackstone and Sir Edward Coke, however, a clock was constructed in England at a much earlier date—in the sixteenth year of the reign of Edward I., or about the year 1288. This clock is remarkable from having been constructed out of a fine of 800 marks, imposed by the king upon the chief-justice of the King's Bench, and was appropriately erected upon the law-courts of Westminster Hall, where for generations afterwards its strokes rung out a warning against all future malpractices. Upon its dial was written the appropriate inscription, "Discite justitiam moniti," which may be seen to this day by the curious upon a sun-dial now facing the same Westminster Hall.

There can be little doubt, however, that for a long time after the invention of clocks and watches—for the latter followed close upon the heels of the former—they were extremely imperfect, and of very little real value. They ought, in fact, to be regarded more as costly toys than as really useful contrivances for measuring time. Up to the time of Shakspeare, at any rate, they must have been very imperfect instruments indeed, for do we not find him making that "merry mad-cap lord," Biron, in *Love's Labor's Lost*, profanely institute a comparison between the women and the clocks of his day:

And I, forsooth, in love? I, that have been love's whip;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
What! I! I! Fove! I! love! I seek a wife!
*A woman, that is like a Germans clock,*
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright—being a *watch*,
But being watched that it may still go right!

We trust the ladies will be induced to pardon the above highly reprehensible sentiments, when we remind them that they were uttered by one who had passed his life in railing at love; who owns himself to have been "a very beadle to a humorous sigh"; and who at last, by an act of retributive justice, finds himself pierced through and through—in short, "quite vanquished"—by the soft glances of the gentle Rosaline! Could my lord, however, have lived to the present time, he would have found a wonderful reformation in clocks and watches—that the comparison now would really be a compliment, and a just one—and, excepting an occasional disposition to go too much upon tick, and to strike when they ought not, he would have found that the one could be as true and as constant as the other, and stand as little in need of regulating.

There was one thing, however, which was wanting in all clocks made up to this period, without which they could be of very little real service, namely, *the pendulum*. The origin of its invention is well known: the great Galileo, happening one day to be in a church at Pisa, was struck with the isochronous vibrations of a chandelier, suspended by a long chain from the roof, and immediately conceived the idea of employing the pendulum as a regulator for clocks. By this *isochronism* of the pendulum is meant that peculiar property or disposition which it possesses to vibrate arcs of different lengths, provided that none of them be large, in the same space of time. It is this property which gives to the pendulum its peculiar value, and is a result of the well-known law of gravitation.

Although Galileo was undoubtedly the first to perceive the isochronism of the pendulum, Huygens previously investigated its properties mathematically, and published to the world the valuable results of his investigations; and we are further inclined to believe, although there are several claimants for this honor, that he was also the first to apply the pendulum to regulate the motion of a clock-train.

The degree of accuracy with which clocks and chronometers are now made to perform is somewhat marvellous. In Queen Elizabeth's time, a watch, which, by the way, was about the size of a dessert plate, would seldom go for more than a few hours, and that only after a fashion of its own. When, about the sixteenth century, Philip of Spain offered a reward of 100 000 crowns for a chronometer which should go sufficiently well to enable navigators to determine the longitude at sea, we find Morin, in speaking of it to Cardinal Richelieu, saying, "I know not what such an undertaking would be even to the devil himself, but to man it would undoubtedly be the height of folly!" Now, it is by no means an uncommon thing for a chronometer to go for months without an error of more than a second, whilst the performance of our best astronomical clocks surpasses even this wonderful precision. The perfection to which chronometers are now brought makes them extremely valuable to navigators for discovering the longitude at sea—a problem the correct solution of which is absolutely essential to the safety of our sailors, the supremacy of our navy, and the stability of our commerce. Longitude is simply a difference in time between one place and another, caused by a corresponding difference of position on the earth's surface. When, therefore, the captain of a vessel departs upon a long voyage, he takes with him a chronometer, whose error and rate of variation have been tested, showing Greenwich time. If, therefore, at any time he wishes to ascertain his longitude, or, in other words, his position east or west of the first meridian, all he has to do is to compare his chronometer, showing Greenwich time, with the local time, and the difference between the two tells him exactly where he is. As, however, accidents may happen to the best regulated chronometers, he must have it in his power to test and correct them by a standard which is *infallible*. To do this, he consults a time-keeper of a grander character, of which the spacious firmament of heaven is the dial; those distant orbs of light, the fixed stars, the figures; and our attendant satellite, the moon, both the hour and minute hand. As with steady, unflagging pace she sweeps across that mighty dial, he is enabled, by a simple observation with his quadrant, and a reference to his nautical almanac, to ascertain his exact position, and to test the truth of his chronometer. The tables prepared for his use to enable him to do this are the result of the most painstaking and persevering investigations of the works of nature, involving the consideration and elucidation of some of the most abstruse problems of astronomy. Every "bright particular star" stationed along the moon's path must be mapped down with the utmost precision, the exact instant, to the fraction of a second, at which they will be occulted by the moon as seen from the meridian of Greenwich, and from every degree east and west of that meridian round the earth, must be accurately calculated and noted down; and all this must be done that the mariner may know exactly the *time* it would be at that moment were he at home, and the time it is with him at the same moment wherever upon the great world of waters he may happen to be floating, that, by a comparison between the two—conjointly with his latitude, which he finds by an easier process still—he may know precisely *where he is*; no matter whether he be rounding the "Cape of Storms," or riding over the crested billows of the Atlantic, he may then pursue his undeviating track across the treacherous deep with the same certainty and security as though he felt beneath his feet the firm foundations of the earth itself. Let no one, then, presume to sneer at or undervalue the patient labors, the abstruse investigations of those great minds who have devoted their lives and energies to the advancement of science, and who have by their labors conferred incalculable benefits upon mankind; and let those who are disposed to emulate their example, ever remember, amid the weariness of study, the grandeur and value of the results.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

"AND I sought whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation, whatsoever we see therein, sea, earth, air, stars, trees, mortal creatures—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see, angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil and not rather so His All mightiness cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overchar ed with most gnawing cares." "And admonished to return to myse f, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it, knows Eternity. Oh Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I be eld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us, and we scarcely return to Thee.—AUGUSTINE'S SOLILOQUIA, BOOK VII.

THE fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,
And, at his side, we urge to-day
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,
From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,
From all we grasp the meaning slips,
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect—
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

Oh! why and whither?—God knows all:
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
A Father's face I still discern,
As Moses looked of old on Him
And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For He is merciful as just:
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before His will, and trust,
Howe'er they seem, He doeth all things right;

And dare to hope that he will make
The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain,
His mercy never quite forsake,
His healing visit every realm of pain;

That suffering is not His revenge
Upon His creatures weak and frail,
Sent on a pathway new and strange
With feet that wander and with eyes that fail;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,
Watches the tender eye of Love
The slow transmuting of the chain
Whose links are iron below to gold above!

Ah, me! we doubt the shining skies
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause
And of the just effect complain;
We tread upon life's broken laws
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain.

We turn us from the light and find
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,
As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours
We set our faces to the day;
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years;
Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,
Looks upward from her graves, and hears:
"The Resurrection and the Life am I."

Oh, Love Divine!—whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle